

THE CRITIC, LITERARY JOURNAL.

VOL. XIII.—No. 321.

AUGUST 15, 1854.

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The peculiar pressure of the times compels the Committee again to present an Appeal to the Christian public.

During the past year the Society's Missionary Agency has been augmented to 133, being an increase of 53 in the three years. Seven additional agents have recently been appointed, of whom four have embarked for Canada during the present week; one is on the point of sailing for Australia, another for India, and a third for Newfoundland.

The Committee are under engagements for the immediate appointment of a Clergyman for 2000 English artisans near Calcutta; a lay Missionary for a spiritually destitute island with 1000 inhabitants in British North America; and a lay Missionary for Madras. Several pressing applications from other places are under consideration.

Some of the Colonies (especially those of North America) are suffering reverses which greatly increase the demand on the Society's funds for the maintenance of its missions and schools.
A Clergyman, writing from Newfoundland, says:—"The whole country is in a most destitute condition. With the utmost exertions our poor fishermen cannot procure even sufficient food for their families, and hundreds of children are utterly incapable of attending school for want of clothing."

Similar accounts have been received from the Eastern shores of Nova Scotia. As the Society's agents share in the general distress, an appeal has been made on their behalf, to which the Committee can only partially respond.

The Society rests its claim on no ordinary grounds. Its case is that of hundreds of thousands of our countrymen in the Colonies, with respect to whom an eye-witness has said:—"There is as much need of the Gospel in the woods of Canada as in the hazy sands. Even where ministers do go and baptize their children it seems like a shepherd putting his master's name on lambs, and then turning them out into these wild woods, among the wolves, without a shepherd to look after them."

And what is this spoken of Canada, is no less true of Australia and other Colonies.
The principles of the Society are Evangelical and Protestant, and its conduct is in accordance with that of the Church Missionary Society.
To meet the demands to which reference has been made, and to maintain their extended operations in so many of our Colonies, the Committee earnestly appeal for immediate and liberal aid.
R. C. L. BEVAN, Treasurer.
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CONTENTS.

LEADING ARTICLES:—	
To Readers and Advertisers	435
The Literary World: its sayings and Doings	435
ENGLISH LITERATURE:—	
History:—	
Crowe's History of the Reigns of Louis XVIII. and Charles X.	436
Morgan's League of the Iroquois	438
Stodoli's History of the Jesuits	438
Notices of Small Books	438
Biography:—	
Cot. Landmann's Recollections of my Military Life	438
Religion:—	
Ludwig Feuerbach's Essence of Christianity	439
Voyages and Travels:—	
Mrs. Stowe's Sunny Memories of Foreign Lands	441
Fiction:—	
Mrs. Trollope's Life and Adventures of a Clever Woman	442
Temper: a Tale. By Emilia Marryat	442
Vivia: a Journal. By Mrs. J. Elphinstone Dalrymple	442
The Lost Treasure: or, Scenes from the Drama of Life	442
Bokanga. By Morton Rae	442
Transmutation; or, the Lord and the Lout. By N. or M.	442
Claude the Colporteur. By the Author of "Mary Powell"	442
The Australian Emigrant. By G. H. Haydon	442
Lewell Pastures. By the Author of "Sir Frederick Derwent"	442
Notices of Small Books	443
Poetry and the Drama:—	
Passing Thoughts, with other Poems	443
The Returns and the Last Meeting. By John Whitehead	443
Lyra Australis. By Caroline W. Loake	443
Mortimer. By Wm. Geyer Starbuck	443
Zaribia. By Henry Pottinger	443
Poems by Melancton	443
The First False Step. By James C. Gagliardi	443
Poems. By James Macfarlan	443
Zeno, and other Poems. By J. D. Horrocks	443
Notices of Small Books	444
Miscellaneous:—	
Patmore's My Friends and Acquaintances	444
Burgess's Amateur Gardener	446
Notices of Small Books	446
Periodicals and Serials	446
FOREIGN LITERATURE, &c:—	
The Critic Abroad	446
Germany:—	
Schöppner's Sagenbuch der Bayerischen Lande	447
Freib's Harz Sagen	447
Bechstein's Deutsches Märchenbuch	447
SCIENCE, ART, MUSIC, THE DRAMA, &c:—	
Science and Inventions:—	
Summary	449
Popular Medicine:—	
The News and Gossip of the Medical World	449
Art and Artists:—	
Crystal Palace—Byzantine Court	450
Art Union	451
Talk of the Studios	451
Music and Musicians:—	
Musical and Dramatic Chat-Chat	451
Gossip of the Literary Circles	451
Drama and Public Amusements	452
Correspondence	452
Obituary	453
List of New Books	453
Advertisements	453, 454, 455, 456

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"J. P."—We do not advise printing. Let him write for his own amusement, and as an elegant recreation.
 "H. D. R.'s" rhymes are not adapted for us.
 "AN APPEAL"—The following has been received since our former acknowledgment:—
 A Poor Professional ... 3 0
 A CONSTANT READER OF THE "CRITIC."—It is always difficult to judge of the motives which actuate others. Whether Thomas Hood, in his desire to have it said of him "He sang the song of the shirt," was influenced merely by the philanthropy which saw a recognised feature in his character, or by his sense of the popularity which his verses had acquired at the time he expressed such desire, it is of course impossible to say positively. Having regard, however, to the ordinary feelings of human nature, it may reasonably be inferred that a consciousness of public appreciation of its merits may have been, as suggested by "The Lounger," almost the paramount consideration which made him anxious to have his name associated with it.

NOTICE.

The Educational Number of the CRITIC of July 15, containing a supplement of sixteen pages devoted to Educational Literature, may still be had, or a copy will be sent to any person inclosing six postage-stamps to the office.

The Educational Supplement will be published regularly with the CRITIC on Oct. 1, Jan. 1, April 1, and July 1. Educational books, school apparatus, &c., should be sent for review as early in the quarter as possible.

THE CRITIC, London Literary Journal.

TO READERS AND ADVERTISERS.

AN accumulation of important books relating to the East and the Russo-Turkish war has induced us to prepare a supplement, containing various reviews and notices of recent important works of this class, and which will be presented gratis with the next number of THE CRITIC, LONDON LITERARY JOURNAL. The number for September 1st (a double one) will, therefore, be largely circulated at home, in the East, and throughout the colonies, in addition to its regular sale, and will be an excellent medium for advertisements, which should reach the office not later than three o'clock on Wednesday afternoon, the 30th of August.

THE LITERARY WORLD:

ITS SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

THE month of August in London always seems to me to enjoy the unenviable pre-eminence of being, for London and London associations, the very dreariest period of the whole year. It is just the transition time between the excitement and turmoil of the season, and the quiet and repose of the recess—a sort of hybrid, between summer and autumn, town and country, man's handiwork and God's. This reign of dulness is as perceptible in the world of literature as it is in that of fashion. The ever memorable 9th has cleared half the clubhouses for the moors, and the last Quarterly is to be found on the library table as easily as the Court Guide, an advantage not equally attainable between May and August. Our wives and daughters, a trifle greyer in hair perhaps, or paler in face, than they were in April, are pining and packing for green fields and fresh air, if they are not already enjoying them—and care to read nothing now but advertisements of "villa residences delightfully situated," or Bradshaw's Railway Guide. The watering-place visitors have quite enough to do to revel in the fresh sea breezes, and the novel and therefore rather enjoyable inconveniences of uncomfortable lodgings and one o'clock dinners, to have need at present for more intellectual pleasures. Literature is certainly at a discount in the month of August, and its professors are for the most part, *O nimium fortunati si sua bona norant*, wending their way to fresh fields, to gain new material for our enjoyment in rest and quiet. A few weeks hence, however, Books will begin to look up again. Our men friends, after stumping all day over stubble-fields with boots on their feet like Italy on the map, will be tired in the evening of killing their victims over again and going to sleep, and will begin to sigh over their cigars for the last number of the *Newcomes*, or half a dozen fresh volumes of Paul de Kock. The country will have lost to the mothers and daughters, something of its freshness and novelty, and things will begin to settle down into a sort of quiet routine, which will infallibly terminate in inquiries for "Hookham's Catalogue," and "Mudie's Latest List," and the responsibility upon the most literary daughter of making out that list, which never satisfies anybody, of books to be sent down, of course by return of rail. "My Aunt Pontypool," that time-honoured fiction, with "Jane Eyre," as a novelty, will no longer satisfy the wants of London at the seaside, as they have done for the last three months; and the newest of Mr. MUDIE's remainders will at once be sent for, to meet the requirements of the patrons of the circulating libraries on the Steyne. Literature will be tired of inaction at Pan or the Brunneys, and will be creeping, not unwillingly, back to its oar, and Books will begin to look up again.

The dulness of the season, combined, perhaps, with the dearth of paper, and, certainly, with that Aaron's rod of all enterprise, the war, has left me but little to say of books published in the past fortnight, or promised for the next. Among the pledges fulfilled, I may instance the complete edition of Mr. DICKENS'S "Hard Times;" Mr. J. A. S. JOHN'S long-advertised "Nemesis of Power," an exposition of the theory of revolutions, no unworthy subject if worthily treated; and a cheap edition of his son's pleasant "Purple Tints of Paris," published just in time for our bachelor tourists; likewise, for the instruction of his disciples, Mr. RUSKIN'S pamphlet on the Crystal Palace. Among the promises yet to be redeemed I may notice, as a feature of the times, a Turkish vocabulary (I fear the literature of the Crescent—I say it with all respect for FERDINAND—will hardly repay a wading through its grammar to those who have no other inducement to study it); "Gleanings from Piccadilly to Pera," which I merely notice for the purpose of suggesting, deferentially, to Travellers at this season, that these alliterative titles are becoming rather wearisome; a book on the "Baltic and its Cities," by the Rev. Mr. MILNER, which, if giving information on its subject, will be welcome at the present time; and (I am indebted to the *Athenæum* for this information) a "Life of Philip the Second of Spain," by that accomplished writer, Mr. PRESCOTT. For this last Mr. BENTLEY, the same authority assures us, had engaged to give six thousand pounds. If so, this agreement would form a valuable addition to the collection of original assignments of authors' copyrights to booksellers which passed into the possession of the British Museum from the collections of the late Mr. URCURT; it would loom large among the purchases of works we know something about, too, contained in that volume, of the TONSONS and LINTOTS. But Mr. BENTLEY would seem much to be pitied, supposing such an agreement really made, since a decision has recently been given by the House of Lords which, if we may believe the London press, will render his purchase not worth a sixpence.

The decision in question, a full report of which, with the arguments, is given, from short-hand notes, in the LAW TIMES of the 12th instant, was upon one of those final appeals, beyond which, like the Coffin of the Prophet, in matters judicial, there is no passing from a Judgment of the Inferior Courts to the House of Lords. The question involved was simply whether an assignment made to Mr. BOOSEY, the well-known musical publisher, of a song from the *Sonnambula*, by a foreigner resident abroad, to whom such copyright had been transferred by the composer, also an alien, could give an exclusive right of publication in this country. The Court of Exchequer had considered that it could; the House of Lords, worthily represented on the occasion by the LORD CHANCELLOR, the late LORD CHANCELLOR, and Lord BROUGHAM, have decided unanimously that the claim to copyright in England is not, under such circumstances, maintainable. The feature in which this decision will, of course be most materially felt in England, will be in our literary relations with America; and in this respect I see by the advertisements its operation has already commenced. Mr. LOW, the well-known publisher, has, we know, recently obtained from Mrs. STOWE an assignment of her interest in England in her recent "Sunny Memories of Foreign Lands," which, under such decree, is of course valueless. That "enterprising publisher," Mr. ROUTLEDGE, has, I observe, lost no time in anticipating the requirements of the public for a cheaper edition of this work, which he is, of course, now enabled to do, and has forestalled, for a day or two, a similar project of his brother publisher. All this, I suppose, is right enough in "business;" but it is probable that those of us who may desire to possess a copy of Mrs. STOWE'S pleasant book may prefer, as a matter of principle, to put their eightpence, or whatever it is, into the pocket of the publisher, who has offered his tribute to literature by paying something for it, in preference to that of his enterprising brother entrepreneur, who has not. Mr. ROUTLEDGE, it may be noted, is already printing a popular edition of PRESCOTT'S "History of Mexico" in shilling volumes.

Among the literary productions of the past fortnight, I observe one with the startling title of "Pandemonia; or, the White Slaves of London." The title was painfully suggestive to my mind of unemployed sempstresses and starving shirt-makers; and I was therefore proportionately relieved to find, from a perusal of its advertisement, that the Helots alluded to were a no more ill-used community than the Cabmen of the Metropolis; and the object of "Pandemonia" to "expose the disgraceful persecution and oppression to which that unfortunate body are subjected under recent legislative enactments. Mr. FITZROY, if he is wise, will look to himself; for there is evidently "a chiel" anear him "takin' notes."

The country press also contributes a report of a trial, which, though not in the House of Lords, presents a fact not without amusement to those of us who are interested in literature. There are few who do not remember the saddening admission made, not without self-reproach, by worthy Harry Foker—"I know I don't literary; and who have not had occasion to remember that, among their own numerous acquaintances, of Mr. Foker's age and standing in society, they could call to mind an un-satisfactorily large proportion who

must, even under a very lenient examination, have made the same avowal as that excellent but unlittered young aristocrat. I should be sorry to publish, for the humiliation of some dozen gentlemen serving the Crown with credit and efficiency in Her Majesty's Waste Paper Office, whom I chanced inadvertently to catechise the other day on literary matters, how many had ever read the "Vicar of Wakefield;" or to enlarge upon the pride with which one young gentleman felt himself enabled to claim some acquaintance with that classic from the fortuitous circumstance of having seen it in a drama at the Strand theatre. We are generally disposed, in our mature wisdom, to imagine that the deficiency of literary acquirements we have so often occasion to notice with pain in the present day, is confined exclusively to our younger contemporaries, and is attributable to the absorption of their mental energies in mere newspaper-reading, or to an undue partiality for horse-flesh, or Terpsichorean enjoyments; and to claim for ourselves, of an earlier generation, the credit of the guardianship of the mysteries of literature. I have just received a salutary warning against hasty judgments on this subject, which I think I am bound to notice for the benefit of society. The *Bath Chronicle* newspaper of the 3rd of August—I am rather partial myself to looking through the columns of a provincial newspaper—contains a report of an action for libel, brought against the proprietors of that journal by a Mr. COX, a medical man in that city, which affords amusing evidence that there are gentlemen occupying more responsible positions in society, and making greater claims in it, than even Mr. Foker and my friends of the W. P. O., who a'n't literary. The "learned" gentleman who led for the plaintiff, a Q. C., the senior on his side of three counsel, and whose name seemed not unfamiliar to my ear in connection with the jurisprudence of the Western circuit, is commenting with caustic and possibly well-merited severity upon the literary style of the defendant, as exemplified in a passage, which he quotes for the purpose from an article in the journal, referring to some communications addressed to it by the plaintiff. "The alteration in Mr. COX's way of expressing himself is wonderful," commences the quotation; "up to this time 'assassin who stabs in the dark,' and similar choice flowers of rhetoric, have been the mild epithets which he has bestowed upon us. We have nothing of the sort in the present effusion. Like 'Boston' in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*." Here the advocate is reminded by the presiding judge that he should have read "Bottom." "It is 'Boston,' my lord, in my brief," rejoins the "learned" gentleman, with the firmness of a man not to be put down when he is right, and repeats the quotation in his own way—"Like 'Boston' in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, he roars as it were a nightingale, he roars as gently as any sucking dove." Here the extract is terminated, and the advocate of intelligence in newspaper editors commences his comments upon it after the following fashion, which, for the benefit of Mr. PAYNE COLLIER, I give verbatim:—"This is a curious metaphor, I imagine. However, that is the editor's mode of expressing himself. Fancy such a gentleman teaching his readers English, and talking about doves roaring. I always thought doves cooed!" A suggestion is unluckily now made to the "learned" counsel that the passage he is denouncing with so much acuteness is a quotation for which not the editor of the *Bath Chronicle*, but another literary gentleman of the name of SHAKESPEARE (whose name, not appearing in his brief, he may not before have met with), is alone responsible. "I'm told it is a quotation," continues the "learned" counsel; and adds, with a frankness worthy of "honest Harry Foker" himself, "I wasn't aware of it. I'm glad that the defendant is so learned in all matters!" Seriously (for the thing is almost too melancholy for jesting), if such, at the present day, be a specimen of the learning of the schools, shade of Bottom! where in the barometer of intelligence must we look for the literary acquirements of the Dunciad? As a worthy pendant to this incident I may mention that the Religious Tract Society is at present advertising a series of tracts, which they state are written *bonâ fide* by working men and women in their hours of leisure. Strange times these, when "learning" is giving up reading, and ignorance is beginning to write.

A report has just been issued headed "Literary Institute of the British Empire," of the proceedings of a public meeting of gentlemen connected with general literature and journalism, held on the 19th ult., at the Freemasons' Tavern, under the Presidency of Mr. SCHOLEFIELD, for the purpose of receiving the report of a committee appointed at a previous meeting to inquire as to the best mode to be adopted for forming literary men into a professional incorporation. The names of the gentlemen constituting this committee hardly afford, by their identification with the higher or more popular walks of literature, such a guarantee for the faithful representation by it of the opinions of literary men, as the association of some names might have given it, and the title of "Literary Institute of the British Empire" might appear reasonably to demand. But this circumstance is, of course, no imputation upon the professed objects of the association, and does not necessarily present any serious obstacle to success, in a country where the responsibility of the first step in every measure of improvement or reform is so generally left to those

working members of the class interested, who possess the least time, and enjoy the least influence to sustain it—at all events, until success has been won and honour is to be gained by association with it. The Report, therefore, of the "Literary Institute of the British Empire" has, of course, a right to be judged upon its merits without reference to any other considerations. The incorporation of literature into a profession, if practicable, would undoubtedly afford it advantages not to be despised, not only by consolidating its strength, and giving it, as it were, "a local habitation" as well as a "name," but, what is even far more important, by raising up for it a protection against the assumption of its functions by ignorant and unqualified practitioners. The difficulty, however, of accomplishing such an incorporation is obviously very great, if not altogether insurmountable. In every one of the professions already existing the degree and character of the attainments required for its exercise are clearly definable, and a test of qualification therefore is easily provided by means of a probationary course of study, and an examination by judges of universally recognised authority, which raises a legitimate barrier against the incursions of those who, not having passed such a test, can possess no claim to a position they have been either unable or unwilling to pay for. With literature, however, it is different, since in a calling displaying so wide and so varied a field of knowledge no such test could be easily instituted. It was not, therefore, without interest that I turned to see the Gordian knot untied by the committee of the "Literary Institute of the British Empire." Let us see how they have done it, and admit that "Macedonia's Madman" himself never cut it more summarily. The qualification to be exacted from a candidate for admission into the new Profession of Literature is recommended by the committee "to be on as broad a basis as possible;" and its only requirement, "the use of some mental exercise in wielding the pen." It would certainly be difficult to define a "broader!" The point of qualification, however, which would seem to be the primal one to be settled, was not considered by the committee of sufficient importance to be mentioned in their report at all, and their views upon it are only elicited *vivâ voce* by the questions of some gentlemen present, who were more alive, perhaps, to its importance. The points which the committee have considered of real consequence in their scheme are given in their report as follows; and, with the exception of a list of noblemen and gentlemen whom they recommend should be invited to be its patrons, comprise the whole of the suggestions which, after "the most mature and deliberate consideration," they have found themselves enabled to offer:—"That the 'Literary Institute of the British Empire' consist of members and honorary members;" the former, those who are engaged in literary pursuits, as authors, or in the various departments of journalism; and the latter, of those who may not follow literature as a profession, but who, being admirers thereof, are desirous of being associated with its members." The use of these drones in the proposed hive of literature will be more easily understood when we come to the suggestions of the committee on the pecuniary part of the question. "That, in accordance with prece-

dents afforded by the incorporation of other professions, it is desirable, as the foundation of the like incorporation of literary men, that measures be taken for the establishment of a convenient place of resort or common hall. "That the pecuniary means be raised by the subscription of members and honorary members"—I always imagined that honorary members of a society were persons who were not called upon to contribute to its funds at all—"and of those desirous to endow literature as a profession; and that for this purpose an appeal be made," not only to literary men for their co-operation, but "to the Royal family and Government; the wealthy corporations; the aristocracy connected with literature; and to others who are interested in or sympathise with it"—to anybody, in fact, who has got any money, and is willing to put it in the box. Such is the best scheme which a body of gentlemen, professing, in some degree, to represent the vocation of literature in Great Britain, could devise for the purpose of placing it side by side with the learned Professions, and advancing it in the opinion and good report of society.

Whatever may be the general feeling of literary men—and there may be many differences of opinion among them, as to the means best calculated to advance their interests and elevate their social position—there will, I venture to believe, be very few who will not have been conscious of a certain sense of degradation that any such scheme as this should have been dared to be promulgated in their name, and have learnt to admit in it an additional proof of the necessity for some central body representing their true feelings, which might, on their behalf, authoritatively disclaim the smallest desire to owe even the advantages of an "incorporated Profession" to public charity, or to be identified in any shape or way with the proceedings of the Literary Institute of the British Empire.

"What is to be done, Sir?" inquired TATE WILKINSON's stage manager, one evening during the middle of the performance at the York Theatre; "the snow scene is n't half over, and we've snowed away all the white paper?" "Snow brown, Sir," replied the energetic lessee, nothing daunted. The publishers of the lowest class of "cheap" literature, as it is called, are in the same difficulty just now as Mr. TATE WILKINSON's stage manager; they have used up all the white paper to be obtained for their books and periodicals, and have reached the inconvenient period when they must either stop "snowing" or "snow brown." If we are fortunate, the brown may become exhausted too, and the storm of waste paper which they have been pelting down upon us cloud the horizon of literature no more. When will the book-buying public learn that a book for a shilling, however many pages it may contain, is not necessarily a "cheap" book after all?

I observe that a better scheme for the diffusion of cheap knowledge—I mean the movement for the opening, under reasonable restrictions, of the public museums on a Sunday—has received within the last few days an accession of allies which, if their own description of themselves be correct, will be important to it. On the 2nd inst. a petition in favour of the opening the British Museum on Sunday was presented to the House of Commons by Sir JOSHUA WALMESLEY, signed, the *Daily News* assures us, by "gentlemen of

large means, high social position, and great literary acquirements," and members of the *Sheridan Literary Club*. The names of the gentlemen fortunate enough to unite in themselves such a combination of advantages would be interesting.

Speaking of opening sources of knowledge, reminds me, "*quasi lucus a non lucendo*," that the Early Closing Association have prevailed upon the publishing-houses of the Metropolis to give a trial to an arrangement for dismissing their employes on one day of the week at an hour somewhat earlier than has hitherto been the custom, by closing their places of business on Saturday—the West-end firms at three o'clock, and the City-houses, as a general rule, subject only to the tyrannical requirements of magazine-day, at five. It certainly seems but reasonable that persons employed in bookselling houses should have some opportunity, if they desire so to employ it, of making themselves somewhat better acquainted with the commodities in which they deal in their daily duties than they may be at present.

It is satisfactory to see that the appeal recently made by the friends of the late Mr. PICKERING, the well-known publisher and bookseller of Piccadilly, on behalf of his three daughters, left wholly unprovided for by his decease and previous bankruptcy, has been readily, if not extensively, responded to, and that a sum of something over 900*l.* is the result. This subscription-list affords that best tribute to its object which is given by the interest it exhibits, not only among wealthy publishers, successful literati, and bookbuying lords, but among others differently circumstanced, perhaps, whose names will be recognised as associated with Mr. PICKERING's in honourable works long passed out of mind, and whose subscriptions may have involved some personal self-denial in the giving. There have been few publishers who understood and appreciated the value of the commodity in which they dealt, as well as Mr. PICKERING; it might have been better for his success in business had it been otherwise. His books were to him his children; and I doubt whether he ever sold one out of his shop without rather a pang of regret at the misfortune. If every one of us who, by the dispersion of Mr. Pickering's stock, is enabled to add to his library, at a more moderate price than he could otherwise have done, an edition of a *poet fit to be put there, well printed and honestly edited*, would add his saving in it to the fund for the benefit of those whom that dispersion has left destitute, some modest provision might yet be made for them, and the book gain a value in his library which would be worth the difference. I have only to add a notice of that which terminates all works, literary and otherwise. The newspapers announce the decease of Mr. CROFTON CROKER, in his 57th year, and Mrs. NOVELLO. The former, one of the comparatively few contributors to modern literature whom Government employment has enabled to work with ease and comfort—it is to be regretted that he did not more advantageously avail himself of it—and the latter, a lady, who, if not herself directly associated with the cause of knowledge, has earned a niche in the Pantheon, by having left to us two accomplished vocalists, who have repaid something of the debt they owed to her, by giving her name a value to its time.

THE LEUNGERS.

ENGLISH LITERATURE.

HISTORY.

History of the Reigns of Louis XVIII. and Charles X. By EYRE EVANS CROWE. 2 vols. London: Richard Bentley.

If it be enough for a book to be meritorious without being felicitous, then this book is fairly entitled to our high commendation. The period of which it treats is one of those unlucky intervals between the present and past which seldom have justice done to them in their transition state. Too near to our own time to be beyond the contact of our selfish sympathies and antipathies; and yet too remote from it to come naturally within the instinct of their comprehensive grasp; they occupy a kind of neutral and debatable ground in literature, where the historian is afraid to tread, lest he should be called partial, and where the newspaper writer is seldom seen, for fear he should be thought unpractical. The new generation that springs up while the actors in these epochs are still living, has to seek its knowledge of the times from the vague and polluted sources of rumour and party-statement. In our days, when our children ask us for the history of the world as it was during the eventful years between 1815 and 1854, what can we do but refer them to the Annual Register, or a chaos of newspapers, magazines, and pamphlets, from which we ourselves shrink in dismay. Miss

Martineau has done something to supply this gap, and Sir Archibald Alison is also doing something; but neither of them is quite satisfactory. We never judge our friends or enemies quite fairly, it is said, until they have passed beyond the precincts of our hopes and fears, our love and hate. So of events; while they are with us, and we of them; even while they are fading off from us into the irrevocable doom; we look on them longingly and lovingly, as vanishing fractions of our own lives, or we regard them with a certain feeling of stern apprehension, as enemies that even in their last agony may turn on us and pierce us to the core. As long as we may possibly gain or lose by them, there is no such thing as impartiality to be expected in our estimate of their character. We paint them in the old style, as better or worse looking than the reality. Only death has the virtue of the photograph, and fixes them permanently and truly, as they were, without a grace too much or too little.

In the mean time, while they are shuffling off this mortal coil of actuality, those writers deserve well of us who, in all honesty, attempt to help us towards a just appreciation of that which at the moment is inappreciable. Thither we may approximate, if thither we cannot arrive. Facts are attainable, although principles may remain inscrutable. Important facts may be separated from unimportant facts; they may be winnowed,

digested, and made digestible for the dyspeptic. Where a code is impracticable, a digest is satisfactory; and where the philosopher finds his inductions incomplete, the poet and the painter may supply much of the deficiency. If this be so, we have a right, even in the case of recent history, to look for judgment in the selection, and accuracy in the statement, of events. But, if we stopped here, we should have advanced only one step beyond the region of almanacks. Therefore, while we tolerate as inevitable the presence of angry partisanship; we do think that, in the age of a Macaulay, we may claim universally, in history, qualities that shall make it readable as well as instructive.

Mr. Crowe does not satisfy us on this head. He has compiled a valuable account of a most important era. He has evidently taken the trouble of exploring the most authentic sources of information; he has ransacked archives, pondered over state-papers, and given a sufficiently business-like abstract of their contents. Nobody can read his book without profit; but we doubt whether many will read it. Yet it has many positive merits. First of all, it is comprised in two volumes octavo of Mr. Bentley's large and legible type. It is neither too long nor too short; but just what a history, intended to be popular, ought to be in this respect. The events follow each other in a natural order, and leave

on the memory a sufficiently clear notion of the general result. Mr. Crowe betrays no conspicuous party bias; and his views are, in most respects, liberal and enlightened. In short, he has produced a very useful work; and, if mere usefulness can make a book popular, we have little doubt that this will become so.

Here, unhappily, our praise must end; and we fear that we must counterbalance it, in some measure, by censure no less deserved. Speaking mildly, Mr. Crowe's style is bad; speaking severely, it is execrable. Mr. Crowe is a gentleman well known in the literary and political world; he has, for a time, wielded the fierce thunder of one of the great journals that fulmine over England. It is a grave charge to bring against a man in such a position, when we say that his style is always inelegant and obscure—often unintelligible—and sometimes positively ungrammatical. But we should be shrinking from our duty if we did not accuse him—as we now do—of committing, in almost every page of his book, every one of these delinquencies. The solecisms—we may as well say the vulgarisms—of isolated phrases are quite as remarkable. Strangely enough also, when the ear has been shocked in one sentence by some bald colloquialism, it is equally offended in the next by some pedantry still more distasteful. Mr. Crowe is no less unfortunate when he attempts a metaphor; for, whenever he does attempt one, he invariably—as he would probably say—puts his foot in it. Nobody—whether before or since the days of Mrs. Malaprop—likes to have his parts of speech found fault with; but we think that our readers will not accuse us of fastidious purism, and that even Mr. Crowe will acknowledge the justice of these strictures, if we append a few—and only a very few—of the numerous instances in the first volume on which we found these remarks.

Even the imperial organisation of the higher classes was to be swept clean away: (p. 145.)
Louis XVIII., though dominated by his brother and his niece, &c.: (p. 147.)

Speaking of the dissensions at the Congress of Vienna, he says:

In this way every great object and principle was lost sight of, save that of plastering up the breach: (p. 157.)

In p. 169 we hear of "sparsely-inhabited districts."

We have not succeeded in construing the following sentence:

Fouché was one of those marked for capture—Fouché, who had tried to raise a military movement at Lille against Bonaparte, and in favour of the Duke of Orleans, and who, nevertheless, had a long and confidential interview with the Count D'Artois, slipped with ease through the clumsy fingers of Bourrienne's agents: (p. 177.)

In the way of metaphor we have the following:

The carpet of the large saloon was covered with white lilies. A female foot, applied to one of these, told that it was only stitched on: (p. 191.)

We add one more extract, in which we have carefully preserved the punctuation:

In France the Revolution had not destroyed the poverty of the lower class, it had merely rendered them independent in their poverty, holding their bit of land and starving on it, or at least rudely pinched. The peasant, depending on no one, sees a class above him, to which he owes nought, from which he expects nought, and of which he feels nothing but jealousy. Then the deep schism between the peasant and the bourgeois in France, with a mutual repugnance of sentiments and interests, quite as great as that old one between noble and ignoble: (p. 195.)

Nothing would be easier than to increase this catalogue of errata a hundredfold. But we do not wish to deal harshly by Mr. Crowe; and we would rather add to than diminish the number of his readers. We hope to see his work again shortly, in another and a revised edition, in which we trust that a very improved system of punctuation will be a prominent feature. In the mean time we entreat him to remember that a style may be vulgar without being idiomatic, and pedantic without being ornamental. Besides, glaring as the faults are which we have quoted, we attribute them to carelessness rather than ignorance. A little attention to the laws of English composition would make Mr. Crowe a very creditable writer. Even in his present state of slipshod circumlocution, he shows signs of better things. At times he becomes animated—indeed, quite pleasant. But no one likes to have to read a sentence twice to understand it; and this is a fatal necessity in many of Mr. Crowe's

sentences. Facts, we repeat, are excellent in themselves; but

Male si mandata loquaris,
Aut dormitabo, aut ridebo.

Turning from these unpleasant but necessary comments, and having told our readers what they have to expect from Mr. Crowe, let us glance rapidly down the momentous era of which he treats. He dates from that great day when Napoleon, foiled in Russia, crushed in Germany, and beaten back to France; after fighting every retreating mile, yard by yard, and inch by inch, found at length that his golden bowl was now indeed broken at the fountain irreparably—irreparably, save for one last vain effort of despair; that for France nothing remained but submission and the Bourbons; for himself, nothing but exile and the mockery of his former empire.

When Louis XVIII. entered Paris on the 3rd of May 1814, it was doubtful whether he or France stood in the more humiliating position. A man whose sole title was founded on principles which the national consent of the last five-and-twenty years had combined to explode; and whose claims were supported only by an infinitesimal fraction of his subjects; came forward, escorted by the bayonets of nearly all European nations but his own, to rule a people to whom his dynasty and pretensions were objects of loathing and contempt. There was literally no Royalist party in France at this time. There were Imperialists, Republicans, Constitutional Monarchists, who already looked towards the Duke of Orleans; but Bourbon Legitimists were hardly to be found. It is true that no sooner was the tocsin of return sounded, than they came trooping in from Germany, from England, from America—even from the bleak shores of the Euxine. They showed themselves, from the first, worthy partisans of that family which was said to have learned nothing, and to have forgotten nothing, during its twenty years of exile. Then, and not unnaturally, arose from the loyal sufferers of the same period cries for restitution, and claims for compensation, which might well perplex a clearer head and a stronger judgment than the brother of Louis XVI. possessed. But, for the time, even these discordant shrieks became inaudible in the other tumults of the Restoration. Supposing the past to be a dead letter; supposing an act of oblivion to drop on the scenes of the Revolution and the Empire: what was to be the future of France? Should they recur to the days of 1789? should a National Assembly be attempted on happier principles than that which countenanced the 10th of August? or should the Tiers Etat be extinguished in the might of foreign military despotism, and a Cortes of Aristocrats impose a regal oligarchy on regenerated France? The auspices under which the new state of things was being ushered in, were not the most favourable in aspect to the old watchwords of Liberty and Equality. The lord paramount and prime mover of the destinies that at this time awaited thirty millions of Frenchmen, was a man who all his life, had been accustomed to see twice as many millions of unresisting serfs at his feet. The fairest and most civilised community in Christendom was at this hour handed over to the tender mercies of Alexander, autocrat of all the Russias.

Yet, strangely enough, it was to this man, and not to constitutional England, that France owed the small concession of liberty which was dealt to her in her hour of abasement. More strangely still, it was Russia that would fain have extended the boon, and it was England that contended, and contended successfully, to restrict it. It was Alexander's principle, or his vanity, to champion the cause of limited monarchy and representative government. He had concurred in the dethronement of Napoleon; he had concurred to turn the scale against the Bonaparte family when there appeared some faint signs of a disposition in the other powers to recognise the claims of Napoleon II.; but, to the last, he was reluctant to restore the Bourbons; and when he submitted to the restoration, as a necessity for which there was no alternative, he submitted with discontent and indignation. Already at Compiègne, Louis XVIII. had experienced the ill-humour of his royal brother, but had managed to parry it with some dexterity. The Senate was also equally refractory, and disposed to curtail the royal prerogatives.

LOUIS XVIII. AND ALEXANDER.

The enemy which Louis XVIII. had for the moment in view, was the Senate and its champion, Alexander, of whose peremptory interference the King had some reason to be jealous. Alexander himself arrived at Compiègne on the 1st of May, and the important ex-

plication between the monarchs took place. Alexander, in his character of liberal monarch, rallied his royal brother as to his ultra-royal scruples. "Would his 'right divine,' asked Alexander, 'be understood by his people?' Or could adding the formula of 'King by the grace of God,' add to the real power of the monarch?" Louis XVIII., against this insinuation, replied, "that mock as one might the right hereditary, or the right divine, he was now King of France by no other right, and no other claim. Without it, what was he, Louis? An infirm old man, exiled, and condemned to beg for bread afar from his country; such he was but a few days back. The destitute old man was, however, in right the King of France. And this right alone had induced the nation, enlightened as to its real interests, to recall him to the throne." Alexander, however struck with the force of these arguments, still recommended the new monarch to take into account the events which had occurred, and the revolution which had been accomplished. Lamartine says, that Louis declared his determination to withdraw altogether, rather than submit to the demands of the Senate. The conversations of the interior are only known through royalist writers, who heard afterwards, through the King himself, or his servants, the nature of these conversations. As there was a great deal of reason in the arguments used on both sides, it ended by a compromise, Louis XVIII. remaining firm in every thing which related to principle or to forms, whilst he consented to cede, in a declaration or charter, to the French, the possession of every solid and popular liberty. Louis would style himself King of France and Navarre, not King of the French, and would date his reign from the death of Louis XVII. He objected to receive a constitution from the Senate, but offered to grant one himself, containing all the bases agreed to by his brother. The sovereigns separated on this understanding, that the Senate and Prince Talleyrand were to come to an accord with the monarch on these terms; and they forthwith set about their task, whilst Louis, to facilitate the agreement, proceeded from Compiègne to take up his quarters at the Château de St. Ouen, situated upon the Seine, not far from the gates of Paris. Alexander was obliged to be contented with this, but he exhorted his spleen in complaints which were not always just. In a conversation with Lafayette, at Madame de Staël's, about this time, Alexander called the Bourbon princes uncorrected and incorrigible. Of them, the Duke of Orleans, he said, alone had any liberal ideas. "Why did your Majesty recall them?" rejoined Lafayette. "I could not help it," said Alexander, "they came upon me from every side. I wanted to stop them till the nation had given itself a constitution; but they poured in like an inundation. I went to Compiègne, to ask the King to renounce his nineteen years of reign, and other such pretensions. The Legislative Body was there before me, accepting the monarch from all time, and without any conditions."

But the King's difficulties were smoothed by the astutest of politicians. Talleyrand, who more than any one other person had negotiated and effected the Restoration, became minister of foreign affairs. A charter of some sort must be granted; the allied monarchs refused to withdraw their armies, while a government such as that of Louis XV. remained even barely a possibility.

THE CHARTER.

Louis accordingly appointed a committee, consisting of three of his ministers, designated Royal Commissioners, certain members of the Senate, and certain of the deputies, Lainé being of the number. Before them was placed the draft of a Constitutional Charter, evidently conceived and drawn up by men, who had neither experience nor confidence in representative government, and who thought the only safe experiment of political machinery so dangerous, was (sic) to establish it merely in name. The declaration of rights, however, contained a frank disavowal of those social and fiscal privileges, which had rendered the ancient noblesse odious so long, and victims at last. All Frenchmen were declared equal, whatever their title. They were to contribute without distinction to the public taxes, were equally admissible to office or employ. Property was inviolable, even that purchased during the Revolution. To these were added clauses or articles, which sounded well, guaranteeing personal liberty, freedom of worship, the liberty of the press, exemption from the conscription, trial by jury, and in no case by exceptional tribunals or judges.

To maintain these gifts as privileges, and not as bare rights, there were to be a Senate, consisting of an old and new noblesse; and a Legislative Body, the members of which were, by the articles of the Charter, to be chosen by electors, whose qualification was to be a payment of taxes to the yearly amount of three hundred francs. But only the King could initiate laws; and to the King also was assigned, by the 14th article, that anomalous and indefinite power, by which he was enabled "to make rules and issue ordinances necessary for the execution of the laws and the surety of the state." It required little prescience to foresee in this memorable

clause the germs of the catastrophe which sixteen years later drove the Bourbons, probably for ever, from France. Even the liberty of the press, which had been promised in words of large sound and doubtful import, was subjected to an uncertain jurisdiction, by which its excesses were to be restrained. Such were the substantial guarantees for the maintenance of the *status quo* in France which the King was induced to give, and which the Allies were weak enough to accept; and, however insufficient and impolitic these meagre concessions may have been for the cause of the giver; we cannot help admiring the diplomacy by which the Bourbons again contrived to regain their throne without having sacrificed substantially a single one of those prerogatives which Louis XIV. held dear.

The few months which followed the promulgation of the Charter, and preceded the signal events by which its operation was suspended; were in unison with all that was to be expected from such a beginning. The King was himself a fat good-tempered man, by no means wanting in ability, and quite capable of thinking and acting for himself whenever he felt in the humour for exertion. He was a man fond indeed of having his own way, but not so fond of having it as of being thought to have it. With a lenient executive, there was no reason why the constitution should not just manage to work on; but woe to the constitution, and woe to the executive, whenever it should be attempted to enforce it according to the strict letter. But Louis XVIII. from the first had, like our Charles II., made up his mind, so far as in him lay, not to go on his travels again. He had nothing of the despot in him except the principles; and if despotic principles always met in such a temperament they would contain nothing very formidable in practice. But the Comte d'Artois was the heir to the throne; and the Comte d'Artois had thought the charter—that Charter in which the rest of France saw nothing but arbitrary licence—far too favourable to the liberties of the subject, and had accordingly refused, as a peer of France, to swear adhesion to it.

Sights and sounds still more ominous were speedily to follow. The King cultivated gastronomy, and was always to be found in his kitchen; but his ministers were no less active at their bureaux. The first blow, as might be expected, was aimed at the press. M. de Montesquieu came down with a law to regulate its censorship. No printer was to exercise his trade without first obtaining a royal licence, for which he was to give security, and forfeit its privileges on violating the conditions on which it should be given. No work, containing less than thirty pages, was to appear except under Government inspection. The committee of the Legislative Body reported on the projected law as unconstitutional and unjust. The minister refused all but the most trifling modifications; and the Bill was passed in the Lower House by a large, and in the Upper House by a small majority. Among those who voted for it was M. Guizot.

It had hardly passed when the nation were thunderstruck by a royal ordinance prohibiting all persons from working on a Sunday. This was a violent repeal of a custom of long date, which, however objectionable in theory, had yet the force of law and privilege, and as such was clearly a topic for parliamentary legislation. At the same time Soult, who had been placed over the War Office, ordered General Excelmans to be arrested for refusing, when on half-pay, to retire to Bar. The General resisted; swore he would blow out the brains of the first man who attempted to execute such illegal authority; and enlisted public sympathy on his side.

While these first fruits of restored royalism were being gathered in France, matters equally important were being discussed at Vienna. There the European Powers appeared by their representatives, during the month of October 1814, to debate and settle the readjustment of the Continental States. There was Russia putting in a claim for the reservation and absorption of Poland into herself. There was Prussia equally covetous of Saxony. There was Austria jealous of both; and England anxious to preserve the balance of power by resuscitating Poland and saving Saxony. Suddenly the schism broke out; England, Austria, and France bound themselves by secret treaty to oppose the partition; Russia and Prussia stood combined to effect it. Ultimately Poland was abandoned to Russia; and Prussia conciliated with half of Saxony. But there had been bitter blood roused between the

late confederates, and the sense of mutual wrong was still rankling at the conference, when the news burst on them that Napoleon Bonaparte was again in France, and Louis XVIII. at Ghent. It is said that when the first effects of this astounding intelligence had passed away, the members of the Congress broke up with a laugh at their own short-sighted folly in meeting to settle the cause of order and equilibrium, while the arch-enemy of all order and all equilibrium had, by their instrumentality, been left with all the means of turning their best concerted plans into confusion.

Then followed that great campaign, which is too familiar to every Englishman in all its minutest details to need more than the most general reference to it in this place. Again France had renounced the Bourbons, and turned to the marvellous child of her adoption. Again her bravest offspring, and her choicest spirits sprang, as by inspiration, from exile—from sullen resignation and dishonour—to die under those eagles which were only raised to fall again. Again she sent forth her armies; and again they fell, prostrate and annihilated, before the might of confederate Europe. That fearful episode has little to do with the main history of these volumes. It came like a terrible pestilence, to check, but not to stop, the progress of a new order of things. Its sole result appeared in the destruction of some fifty thousand lives; but it passed away, and left no more trace of its passage in the history of the country, than it left visible, one year subsequently, on the field which, on the 19th of June 1815, showed only a blood-stained harvest crushed under the bodies of dead men. The history of the Restoration has a different moral. How Brune was murdered, how Ney and Labedoyère died, are incidents even more irrelevant to the main subject. But here we must stop. The chequered history of the restored Bourbons is not yet half told. It is one of nearly equally divided folly and infatuation, and has its own ignoble elements of melodrama. We trust in our next number to trace it to its close.

(To be continued.)

League of the Iroquois. By LEWIS H. MORGAN. Rochester, U.S.: Sage and Brother. London: Trubner.

THIS is one of the many tasks that have been undertaken by Americans for the purpose of preserving to posterity the records of the Indian races, the old inheritors of their soil, now fast disappearing before the progress of Western power and civilisation. Mr. Morgan has laboured with a diligence that could have proceeded only from enthusiasm for his subject, and he has succeeded in collecting all of the history, the physiology, the manners, customs, and characteristics of the Iroquois which could be found in authentic public records, or gathered from their own traditions. The volume is a large one, and maps and engravings liberally illustrate it. The subject, however, is not one of sufficient interest to English readers to justify more than this brief notice of it; had it been otherwise, we should have subjected it to a formal analysis and review. If, however, any reader of the CRITIC should chance to be attracted by it, whether as an historical or as an ethnological book, we can assure him that he will find in it all the information he could desire.

History of the Jesuits, their Origin, Progress, Design, and Doctrines. By G. B. NICOLINI, of Rome. London: Bohn.

THIS forms a portion of Bohn's "Illustrated Library," because it is adorned with eight portraits on steel of distinguished Jesuits. The history is a well-written abstract of the greater works dedicated by the brethren to the glory of their order. But the author has successfully steered between their self-laudations and the unmitigated abuse of their enemies, and thus has produced a history singularly temperate and fair-dealing; for which reason we expect it will meet with the common fate of moderation, and be abused by both. But they who desire to know the truth, and who can bear to see justice done even to an opponent, will follow Nicolini with pleasure through his narrative of the rise and decline of the extraordinary sect that has seen so many waves of fortune, and, after being stranded, has always succeeded in again rising upon the tide and regaining respect and power.

THE fifth volume of the *Illustrated Edition of Hume's History of England* is a beautiful specimen of typography, quite a book for the library.

BIOGRAPHY.

Recollections of my Military Life. By Colonel LANDMANN, late of the Corps of Royal Engineers. In 2 vols. London: Hurst and Blackett.

ABOUT two years ago Colonel Landmann published two volumes of his "Adventures and Recollections," which met with so hearty an approval that he has been induced to continue them, having gathered very ample stores of interesting incident during the Peninsular war, through the whole of which he fought his way, sharing its perils, its privations, and its horrors. The Colonel does not attempt a regular narrative, but he describes isolated scenes and incidents, working them up with some literary skill into stories, but conscientiously preserving a strict adherence to truth of general outline, though probably not in the lesser details. Necessarily, from its character, this is a work that can only be exhibited by extracts. The reviewer can do nothing more than say of it that it is written in a lively, dashing strain and graphic style as becomes the soldier-author and his theme, and that it is very pleasant reading. Here is—

JUNOT AND THE DUKE.

In the course of a few days after our arrival at San Antonio-de-Tojal, I had the honour of dining with Sir Arthur Wellesley for the first time, and I thought his quarters very good. All I remember of this event is, that the party was small, that Sir Arthur wore an air of good spirits, was entertaining, talked freely with every one, asked me to drink wine with him in a familiar manner, and that I passed a very agreeable afternoon. Just about the same time the Duke of Abrantes gave a grand public breakfast at Lisbon, to which the generals and officers of their respective staffs were invited, and at which I was present, General Spencer taking me with him, as attached to his staff. In the course of the conversation that passed betwixt Sir Arthur Wellesley and the French Commander-in-Chief during the breakfast in question, the Duke of Abrantes observed to Sir Arthur, that on the 21st he had narrowly escaped being made a prisoner by one of our dragoons, who had closely pursued him, and upon which he had said that he would have been a grand prize to the man, for he was worth one thousand guineas on that occasion. Junot then went on relating that his orders were all set in brilliants, his sword and pistols mounted in gold, and of great value; an elegant gold repeater set round with jewels; rich gold chain, seals, and precious stones; gold snuff-box with brilliants; his epaulettes, gold spurs, saddle, bridle, saddle-cloth, housings, all laced and embroidered; and, in short, his purse, his sash, his horse, &c. &c., these were worth, at least, one thousand guineas; and then proceeded with considerable self-satisfaction, and raising his voice:—"Ma foi, Sire Artare (Sir Arthur), je valais bien mille guinees, ce jour la, car j'étois en mon plus-beau jour de bataille étant toujours;" but, hastily checking his bombast, went on, "c'est-à-dire, ordinairement jour de fête," dropping his voice. Upon which Sir Arthur, who had not altered a single muscle of his face whilst he attended to Junot's vanity, replied, or rather cut in with, "Oui, quelquefois," preserving the utmost gravity, without looking to the right or left.

Englishmen, who have not witnessed its atrocities, are accustomed to talk with a sort of pleasurable zest of war, as if it was only a pleasant pastime. They ought to be made acquainted with its true character. As among the actual experiences of a veteran—stern reality, not romance—we take this picture of

THE HORRORS OF WAR.

On returning up the hills by the high road, I observed in the woods, at a short distance to my right, several peasants about one spot, apparently very busy, and others moving to and fro from that place towards other parts of the forest; my curiosity was now excited, and I proceeded to the ground on which they seemed to be so earnestly engaged. On approaching them I discovered they were kindly performing the last offices to the dead; a large hole, about twenty feet square and about eight feet deep, had been made, into which thirty to forty of the natives were carrying the dead bodies. I felt much pleased and thankful to these people, and, having given them a Spanish dollar to be expended in wine, I hastened away to recover the high-road. I had not proceeded many yards when I observed a Roman Catholic priest in his canonicals, followed by some ten to twenty devout persons, most charitably administering the sacrament to all the wounded indiscriminately, who, on being asked if they were Christians, gave any signs of assent. I rejoiced at witnessing an act so purely religious and completely disinterested, and gave the priest a small sum to be put into the poor box of his parish, and which he received with marks of great respect, and in return bestowed on me his blessing with the sign of the cross. The reverend father had just imparted this last consolation to a poor creature I had noticed before with several mortal wounds in his body, and who seemed now to be actually in the agonies

of death; for, although speechless, he writhed and heaved dreadfully; his face and hands severely convulsed. I remained, during some seconds, looking on this unfortunate being after the priest had departed, and I know not why, until my mind was almost stupefied; but the priest had not proceeded in search of other objects on which to confer his good deeds many yards, when I was roused by the approach of another small party of peasants, several of them carrying drawn swords, and evidently following the steps of the priest. These people held no conversation with each other, nor did they express any sentiment, nor did they even utter a single word, but, with a ferocious look, straightly walked up to the dying man before me, and, without an instant's pause, pierced him through the heart two or three times, and followed the priest, repeating this work of charity. I shall not attempt to describe the feelings which at this sight agitated my whole frame; though I was glad that the poor suffering man had ceased to feel such agonies as I had witnessed, I could have shot the men who had so deliberately committed the deed; it was no doubt an act of mercy, but it was highly repugnant to my feelings. The distressing sights I had beheld, particularly along the high road, were such, that I resolved on endeavouring to avoid a repetition of them by making a short cut through the woods, as I knew that the road bent away to the right; I therefore struck out in that direction, and at random scrambled over some very rough ground with my half-starved pony, for he had not had a feed, except of green food, since the previous day. I had nearly gained the top, when the voice of an Englishman, calling loudly for help, caught my ear. I pushed forward, leaving my pony, for it would have been hopeless to expect that such an animal, or indeed any other on such ground, could have carried me up in time to be of service, in a case of so pressing a nature as it evidently was, by the repeated cries for help, and then of murder; I stopped not to fasten my pony, I knew he would not run away, and in a few seconds, through the underbrush, I saw a woman, one of the British nation too, with a large stone in her hand, levelling a finishing blow at a poor fellow of the 9th or 45th regiment, I do not now recollect to which he belonged. This wretch was at the man's back, as he sat on the ground, having had one of his legs broken on the preceding day by a musket shot, and was, therefore, quite helpless. My sudden appearance for a moment suspended the course of this infernal creature, and she remained with her hand raised, grasping a stone as big as both her fists, pausing, no doubt, to consider how far my presence ought to check her murderous views; and during this momentary hesitation, from the opposite side, out of the thicket, a man stepped forth, whom I immediately perceived was a private soldier in the 5th battalion of the 60th regiment. His occupation was not doubtful; plunder had induced him to straggle from his corps and remain in the rear, and I sincerely hoped his cupidity was confined to the property of the dead. This man was a German, and he also, as well as myself, had seen the diabolical intent of the woman before us. My hand was still strongly grasping the hilt of my sword, which I had half drawn, with a determination of stopping by force the further progress of this fiend; but the German lost no time in considering; he ran up, his rifle half up to his shoulder, and without any parley or ceremony, merely muttering as he sprang upon her, "You be no foman, py Got! you be de tife!" he put his rifle close to her ear, and before I had time to form any clear conjecture as to his views, the upper half of her head vanished, and was dispersed into atoms amongst the bushes, and her body in falling almost extended to the wounded soldier. Under any other circumstances such a sight would have filled me with horror. I, nevertheless, here shouted loudly, "Bravo!" with the most ample satisfaction; and whilst I was engaged in giving the unfortunate man a drink of wine out of my canteen, who informed me that the woman had already struck him one desperate blow on the shoulder with the stone, because he would not submit peacefully to be plundered of every stitch he had on, my German was engaged in very deliberately reloading his rifle, and then, having carefully untied the woman's apron, which was richly filled with watches, rings, and valuables of all kinds, he darted from the spot, and disappeared amongst the bushes, casting at me a ferocious glance.

RELIGION.

MODERN GERMAN ATHEISM.

The Essence of Christianity. By LUDWIG FEUER-BACH. Translated from the German. By MARIAN EVANS. London: Chapman. 1854. COMMON is the notion, but singularly pernicious, that the great battle between religion and its foes will be decided by intellectual weapons. From historical testimony, and the fundamental principles of human nature, alike we learn that religious institutions cannot decay or die till they become incapable of furnishing moral nutriment to the heart of the people. Man is so essentially conservative, and especially in the highest con-

cernments of his soul, that he repels doubts of every kind till they approach him in the garb of moral discrepancies, and then he is forced to accept them. Each of us, even the most sceptical, is born a believer; and it is not till we pant and pine in vain for the divine food which you refuse us, that we flame forth in fierce revolt against your most cherished dogmas, and most venerated systems—that we cease to find a meaning and a majesty in the most gorgeous and solemn of your ritual splendours. It is, therefore, always in the power of the Temple, and its servants, to prevent or suppress a questioning or mutinous spirit in the worshippers by simple fervour, purity, and sincerity, and without grappling face to face with sophists and deniers. Intellectual assaults never begin, never carry through—they merely complete the havoc which profound spiritual disease had long been spreading. It is, however, into conflict with the intellectual assaults, not to the cure of the spiritual disease, that the champions of religion in these days are prone to rush—and whilst the shout of the combatants is resounding, and the myriad fragments of their shivered spears are darkening the air, a sorrowful and mighty moan arises from the nations, sorely lacking the bread of life. Tragedy of tragedies—would that it were ended, and that the heavens, with their starry mysteries, shone warm into our breast once more!

What augments the woe is, that though the kingdom of God is made the subject of intellectual contest, instead of being possessed as a joy, a banquet, a blessing and a glory, there is not fair fighting on either side. The warfare is limited to the placing or the avoiding of ambuscades. There is noise, there is movement in abundance; but the more terrific the clamour and the clash, the less we are convinced that any one is in earnest, that foe is hurling himself on foe with grim and annihilating resolve. Publish a frank, brave book, full of thought, panoplied with learning, overwhelming in logic, glancing with the many eyes of a noble catholicity, and no opponent appears, whether your object be to shield or to shatter the bulwark of the popular faith. But present the same old objections to received beliefs, and mutter the same old replies thereto, and the same old farce of thrust and parry, parry and thrust, is gone through, which has been played a thousand times before, and will, no doubt, be played a thousand times again.

The most recent repetition of the farce has been in consequence of the attempts to make the English acquainted with the prophet of the positive philosophy. It is well known that, whatever may be Comte's scientific acquirements, on which we are not competent to pronounce, he cannot write decent French; that, though he is trumpeted by his admirers as the Columbus of a new world, his leading ideas are nothing but a revival of the stalest, shallowest, stupidest infidelity; that in his own land, where metaphysical speculation is so much more active than in this, he may have succeeded in creating a small sect, but has not yet been recognised as a deep and original thinker; and that Germany—that home of all-conquering contemplation—if it has deigned him a momentary gaze, has seen in him nothing more wonderful than a new and not important link in the long chain of French Materialism, from Condillae downwards.

Who, also, are his interpreters to our countrymen? Mr. Lewes is a gifted, lively, and ingenious gentleman; but, however willing to admit his omniscience, and his ability to write briskly, if not well, on all things in heaven above, in the earth beneath, and in the waters under the earth, we cannot consider him, either from the constitution of his mind, the character and extent of his culture, the range of his scholarship, or the nature of his general pursuits, as fitted to pronounce, to guide, or to supply, in the presence of England's philosophical and metaphysical requirements. Still more presumptuous is it for Miss Martineau to talk to us of the Universe, and of its most hallowed and hidden existences. With much quickness of observation, with narrative and descriptive powers of uncommon excellence, a vigorous style, and an ardent disposition to be useful in her day and generation, she is essentially prosaic and commonplace, and incapable of piercing below the surface in grandest matters or in smallest. Of poetry, of religion, of philosophy, it is monstrous impertinence for her to speak. She knows nothing about them—she never felt them; and, but for a self-complacency perhaps unparalleled in the whole history of literature, would she ever venture to set up as a teacher

regarding them? Yet, inspired by the encyclopædic Lewes and the mesmeric Martineau, half of our periodicals, during the last year or two, have been firing off their treasure of platitudes, paltrinesses, and Paleyisms, as if Comte were a primordial phenomenon in creation, like Æschylus, Plato, Shakspeare, or Bacon. This is superlatively silly, though we daresay it is eminently gratifying to the vanity of the mesmeric Martineau and the encyclopædic Lewes, and probably to the dull and lumbering Comte himself, in his atheistic Paris regions.

If the English periodicals and the English public wish for a fresh opportunity of going through the same wearisome and worthless burlesque, they will find it in the work before us, which is marked by subtlety and by argumentative skill, but has neither depth, nor grasp, nor massiveness, nor energy to recommend it. It is not heavy, as German books often are, from clumsiness of composition and boundless diffuseness; it is heavy from sheer want of intrinsic interest. Though professing to discourse on the Essence of Christianity, it is really a Treatise on the Essence of Religion. It strives to crush Religion through Christianity. It is, in fact, one of the innumerable expressions of Hegelian blasphemy; and when we so speak we have no desire to inflame the fanaticism of our countrymen. We should deem this unspeakably base, dishonourable, and dastardly. The divinest quality in every man or woman, next to the love which sacrifices whatever is dearest for others, is truthfulness—truthfulness in action, truthfulness in speech. Wherever love and truthfulness are found, we do not stop to inquire respecting the amount of agreement which there may be with our most rigid dogmatic peculiarities. We cannot take the believer to our bosom when he wants those two chief signs of likeness to God; we cannot trust the unbeliever from our bosom if with them he is leavened and clothed. But what makes modern German Atheism so hateful to us is not that it is so audacious, but that it is so exceedingly unvarnished. In the main, rebellions against established creeds in France and England have been remarkable for directness and honesty. Feeble or frivolous, foul or furious, they had at least the merit of being frank. Even such a miserable production as Paine's "Age of Reason" has a manly outspokenness about it which makes us sometimes forget how meagre and contemptible it is as an endeavour to grapple with the weightiest problems of religion. When, however, German Atheism comes before us in one of its new Hegelian Gospels, can we ever say that we have here the utterance of a man speaking from the overflowing fullness and the strong convictions of his soul?

The entire social relations and the entire political organisation of Germany are radically false—false than in any other European country. It does not seem as if the German had either the courage or the vigour to shake off feudal abominations, mediæval mummeries, legal pedantries. All his reformations, all his revolutions, leave him exactly where he was. If Ulrich Von Hutten rose from the grave, would he be inclined to allow that his countrymen had made any substantial progress worthy of the most moderate praise during the last three centuries and a half? Are they not the same servile and stolid race that they were in days long gone by—the idolators of routine, the enthusiasts of tradition, the architects and the applauders of their own worst bondage, especially if it can be sanctified by an ecclesiastical swindle or a royal lie? Now, far be it from us to condemn a nation because it has not frequent fits of hot revolutionary fever like our neighbours the French. But it is better surely to run the risk of having whatever is fairest blasted by the storm than to rot in hopeless and horrible stagnation. It would be deplorable enough; there would simply be enormous sluggishness, and apathy, and craven abjectness with their necessary results, if there was not the ideal of something better—the yearning for more valiant national development. But the universal past in its utmost vastness and variety, in its most colossal lineaments and its minutest points, has been uncurtained before the German eye; and the German mind is an exhausted tumult, an everlasting torture of the wildest theories. Behold here chaos—behold here death! What strange, and mad, and agonising dissonances must rend the life of a people, all whose unrivalled knowledge and crowding visions are felt as reproaches from the consciousness of invincible impotence! What hosts of hypocrisies

must ensnare that people's path! How incessant must the effort be to veil the stern countenance of Duty! How-terrible that countenance when it occasionally bursts through fold after fold of leprous disguises!

Now it is in the midst of these incongruities that modern German Atheism comes forward as a harmoniser. It is the most recent invention for dethroning Deity, yet suffering no disaster and no disrepute in consequence. It preaches its Doctrine of Accommodation as the Jesuits preached their Doctrine of Reserve; as with a more infernal cunning, so with an infinitely more fatal effect. You can be a professor of theology or a country pastor in Germany; you can be the teacher of your native land's future teachers in whatever is most sacred; or the expounder to trusting, devout, and unsophisticated beings of God's word—the distributor of the heavenly manna, and yet an Atheist: And the meanest bureaucratic tricks, the most villainous diplomatic duplicities, will be deemed justifiable, if they can make you succeed in passing with the vulgar for a sound and orthodox Lutheran.

Germany had been rapidly sinking into this abyss before the Book of Hegelian Revelations was opened; but how rapid has the plunge been since! And is there anywhere for her chance of redemption, except in one of those hurricanes in which the tenderest mercy of the Invisible comes through the dreaded outpouring of his wrath? Yes, welcome the crucifixion of a people; welcome shrieks that convulse the earth and startle the skies, if thus only can the pestilence which devours that people be vanquished!

As an apostle of the Hegelian Evangel, Ludwig Feuerbach is not perhaps the most dishonest, but he is certainly the most shameless. We have read books which disgusted us more; we never read a book which filled us with more exquisite anguish than this. It is seldom that what others write has the power to render us positively unhappy; yet we must confess that these pages have done so to an extent which it would be difficult to convey an impression of to others. The safeguard of society in all ages has been the strenuous recognition of certain supposed immutable and eternal realities. Times the most degenerate—climbs the most corrupt, have still done homage by flashes of remorse to these. Our author, with cold disdain, and passionless cruelty, varied now and then by a sneer, sweeps them all away. But, while trampling on them with contempt and scorn, you may still hold, if you like, an influential professorship, or a fat benefice. Indeed, it follows from our author's ideas and logic that you are a fool if you do not think the rest of mankind fools, and profit from their delusions. For the cardinal principle of the book—which is iterated and reiterated without one touch of feeling or glow of imagination, and in mere arid dogmatical statement—is, that there is no Theology, but what is based on Anthropology; and that there is no God, except each man's notion of a God. But, if God is phantasmal, still more must everything else be so; and, all things phantasmal, we have no career before us saving that of imposture, if we have a single grain of sober sense left. Phantasms ourselves in the midst of phantasms, we must clutch what we can with the insatiate greed of a ferocious egoism. If born with an impulse to whatever is noble, our most loving and chivalrous deeds will be but wealth wasted, power insanely misdirected. We know that the instincts of mankind are more potent than these gigantic cobwebs spun by the brazen impudence of crazy metaphysics. We know that there cannot cease to be virtue and faith among men; those affections, opulent as ocean; those martyr heroisms, that gird and garland our globe with sacredness; those grand organic agencies, which bind families into tribes and blend tribes into nations; that adoring gladness, the gladder for the awe where-with it bows down to the everlasting immutabilities which are pinned high as the firmaments and the archangels, and pillared in the deepest depths; and the clinging life and in death to God, to prayer, and to immortality. Still, is any of us enough of a philosopher to behold these impious extravagances of a pretended philosophy without abhorrence and indignation?

The system which our author preaches is, when examined, however slightly, perceived to be either the merest commonplace or the most transparent fallacy. It is in beautiful consonance with the boundless variety which gives such a boundless charm to the universe, that each man's conception of the Great Spirit, of his attributes, his

doings, and his manifestations, is moulded and coloured by his own individuality. But is not the reasoning preposterous which avers that, because human beings can be the contemplators and recipients of Deity only as human beings, and with their human faculties and human feelings, and because the individual can approach and embrace, and be penetrated by the Deity, only through his power as an individual, therefore the Deity is but a bubble and a dream? How, except as human beings, and with our distinctive energies as individuals, we could view the marvel of Godhead, it would be difficult to understand. We are men; and, forasmuch as we gaze on the Highest with the eyes of men, and not with the eyes of lions and horses, the Highest is a vapour and a chimera! Worthy is such logic of the metaphysics it is intended to propagate. If in religion the man of sensibility sees God sublimest as well as sweetest through his tears; if the man of imagination sees him sublimest as well as sweetest through the rainbow hues of his pregnant visions; and if each mind and each character, in their most emphatic specialness, mirror immensity; is there not here the reign of a general law—a law so obvious and so recognised that it would scarcely be worth while to state and to illustrate it, if we had not to refute doctrines at once so loathsome and so absurd? Every flower, every tree, every one of our fellows, illustrious or insignificant, living or dead, every object whatever, speaks to us only as we have capacity to hear. Do we therefore declare that there are no objects—that each object is but a varied attitude and aspect of the individual's consciousness? Do we not, on the contrary, maintain the more confidently the reality of objective existence in proportion to the multiplicity of subjective regard? And why should religion be the single, the tragical exception? Why should chasm and blackness meet us in a general law, there precisely where we should expect the law to be the most victoriously maintained, and where, if it is not maintained, the whole of creation is crushed into frightful anomaly?

Unless our author were singularly blinded by his own sophistries, he would discover that what he aims at converting into an instrument of unlimited scepticism is, in truth, the most fertile source and the most impregnable bulwark of faith. I ask no other evidence for the being of the Omnipotent than the religious emotions of my own nature! I demand no long array of elaborate demonstration. Indeed, such demonstrations weaken rather than strengthen the overwhelming argument for the eternity of religion which each man experiences evermore in the mystic throbbings of his own soul, and is often assailed and pierced by them the more potently the more he attempts to strangle them into silence. It surprises, and no less it grieves us, that good and earnest men should hunt through jungles, and climb precipices, and rummage every chink and nook, for proofs of that which is clear as sunlight in their own nature, and in the catholic testimonies of our race. Instead of endeavouring to show that there is a God, and that therefore there must be a religious sentiment, it should rather be shown that there is a religious sentiment, and that therefore there must be a God. It is because this is not done that Atheism is emboldened to proclaim such Jesuitical monstrosities as those we are armed and would arm others to annihilate. Aye, annihilation! For this is not a matter in which we pretend to one morsel of tolerance. We are often told to argue with the Atheist calmly, and convince him of his errors. But whenever we meet with an Atheist willing to argue with us, there we may be sure it is not truth, but triumph which is sought. There are hosts of Atheists busy at this hour among the working-classes of our country, deluding, poisoning brave hearts, who rush to the conflict simply that they may conquer through effrontery, special pleading, and the trickeries of debate. To discuss with such persons means to be made ridiculous, in the scoffing presence of rude and ignorant multitudes who have outgrown reverence and shame as a preparation for complete infidel culture. We think that a popular teacher of Atheism is more likely to consider all means as just which fortune crowns than a popular political demagogue. A remorseless radicalism keeps itself more naturally alive than a flagrant unbelief, and costs a leader less trouble to nourish. It requires also a more bluish brow and a more reckless daring to deny a God than coarsely to vilify political institutions. But where a gathering mass of ar-

guments, ingenious, direct, and irrefragable in themselves would end in apparent discomfiture for want of acquaintance with platform dexterities, how sudden and invincible to flash the visage of God on the doubting breast is an outburst of the religious sentiment itself.

This miraculous and resistless eloquence of the religious sentiment, however, should be accompanied by two things to give it wide and rapid fruitfulness and organic power: first, poetic appreciation of all primordial religions, from the remotest ages; and secondly, a willingness to enter into alliance with every one who is rich in the religious life, though, as far as mere opinion is concerned, he may hold little in common with us. In the former case we are not recommending dilettanteism; and in the latter, it is furthest from our wish to defend latitudinarianism. But England suffers from her signal penury of what may be called the mythological genius; and she also suffers from making identity of creed, not wealth of religious vitality, the basis and the bond of union and communion. To bring to her abounding mythological culture and food, and to awaken her to the sound substantial sense of the prodigious importance of religious warmth and fulness, when compared to the most unimpeachable purity of doctrine—these are two grand labours for which, we trust, the fitting instruments will not be wanting. As to mythological education as the companion of religious development, it can only proceed slowly, and would need, as one of its pioneers, an expansion and transformation of our academical system of which there is at present small prospect. But that catholic sympathy which draws us near to all true sons of God, and draws them near to us, irrespective and in spite of paltry theological barriers, does not depend for its growth on institutional changes, and on the slow creation of a particular national taste. It lies within the empire of every individual who is ruled, we do not say by charity, but by simple justice. For is it just to ascribe so many imaginary virtues to those regarding whom we have no other proof of excellence than their arid acceptance of certain theological tenets which we favour? And is it just to denounce indiscriminately as unbelievers those who deny everything, and those whose difference with us is that of taking into the bosom of their large faith infinitely more than we, with our limited mind, narrow heart, and imperfect instruction, are capable of? Our common champions of Christianity habitually speak as if the followers of Thomas Paine or Richard Carlile, and those deep religious souls whom the churches dissatisfy and drive from them—not from the excess, but from the deficiency of religious fervour—were exactly the same persons. This is not wise, because it is not honest. It is producing incalculable mischief. It raises up new foes where foes are numerous enough already; and it conducts to the triumph of none but those who really deserve the name of unbelievers.

We have already done all in the way of vindication and refutation which this book merits from the hands of any one. But there are two points to which brief allusion may be useful.

The author maintains that the highest form of religion is consciousness or self-consciousness. But does not universal experience notoriously tell us the contrary? Who that has ever been conquered by powerful religious impulses—who that is familiar with the religious history of mankind, does not know that the highest form of religion is the intensest kind of unconsciousness? We are aware that pseudo-mystics are prone to morbid introspection; but pseudo-mysticism is one of the insanities and mockeries of religion, not religion itself. What also is a self-conscious or self-analysing age but an irreligious age? Is it not because our age is increasingly self-conscious, self-analysing, that it fills us with alarm for its destiny? And what, both etymologically and in fact, does enthusiasm mean—which is always either religion, or the feeling the most kindred to religion? Is it not such a whirlwind of emotion that all sense of our individuality is lost? But what can your German, surrounded by his folios and mediaevalisms, know of the natural affections and passions of a man? To him man is merely an item in metaphysical nomenclature.

The great Feuerbach—whose name is an exceedingly suitable one, since all through his book he tries to extinguish the fire of religion with the muddy rivulet of his own dismal speculations,—obligingly informs us that we are illusions and phantasms in the midst of illusions and phantasms, and yet he promises to give us the naked

truth on the most important things. Now we are no believers in naked truths. But how there can be naked or any other sort of truth where everything is illusion and phantasm, the great Feuerbach will perhaps condescendingly make plain to us in the next dreary production of his brain.

It is sorrowful enough to think that this book should have been introduced to the English public at all; it is still more sorrowful to know that we have been indebted for the gift to a woman. Miss Evans has great talents as a translator; but might she not find a nobler employment for them than being the rival of Miss Martineau as the populariser of continental Atheism? Some years ago she gave us Strauss; now she gives us Feuerbach—what will she give us next?

It would be unmerciful to part from this bad book without one word of praise. We willingly utter it. Like nearly everything which Mr. Chapman brings out, it is distinguished by exceeding elegance in the getting-up. Among London publishers Mr. Chapman stands without a rival for exquisite taste in the merely mechanical part of his occupation. But just in the degree that he is before them all in this respect is he inferior to most of them in discrimination and judgment. He is always rash when he should be cautious, and timid when he should be bold. Hence the works he offers us are in general either heavy or hideous—bores or brutalities. Unitarian dulness, Comte crudity, Feuerbach effrontery, intellectual Bloomerism, and Andrew Jackson Davis the Poughkeepsie seer, must in the end sink the Theodore Parker ship which Mr. Chapman commands, which has always flaunted scores of gaudy flags from its masts, but never hoisted any sails. ATTICUS.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

Sunny Memories of Foreign Lands. By Mrs. HARRJET BEECHER STOWE. With illustrations. 2 vols. London: Sampson Low, Son, and Co. 1854.

(Continued from p. 416.)

SINCE the appearance of our first notice of this work, the decision on the law of copyright in the House of Lords has enabled rival publishers to place numerous cheap editions of *Sunny Memories* before the public. The best of these cheap reprints is that from Messrs. Low's house. We cull a few more gossiping passages about persons and events.

LORD CARLISLE.

This evening we are appointed to dine with the Earl of Carlisle. There is to be no company but his own family circle; for he, with great consideration, said in his note that he thought a little quiet would be the best thing he could offer. Lord Carlisle is a great friend to America, and so is his sister, the Duchess of Sutherland. He is the only English traveller who ever wrote notes on our country in a real spirit of appreciation. While the Halls and Trollopes and all the rest could see nothing but our breaking eggs on the wrong end or such matters, he discerned and interpreted those points wherein lies the real strength of our growing country. His notes on America were not very extended, being only sketches delivered as a Lyceum lecture some years after his return. It was the spirit and quality rather than quantity of the thing that was noticeable.

Mrs. Stowe was introduced to the Duchess of Sutherland and other members of the family at Lord Carlisle's.

FIRST VISIT TO STAFFORD HOUSE.

Among the first that entered were the members of the family, the Duke and Duchess of Argyll, Lord and Lady Blantyre, the Marquis and Marchioness of Stafford, and Lady Emma Campbell. Then followed Lord Shaftesbury with his beautiful lady, and her father and mother, Lord and Lady Palmerston. Lord Palmerston is of middle height, with a keen dark eye, and black hair streaked with gray. There is something peculiarly alert and vivacious about all his movements; in short, his appearance perfectly answers to what we know of him from public life. One has a strange mythological feeling about the existence of people of whom one hears for many years without seeing them. While talking with Lord Palmerston, I could but remember how often I had heard father and Mr. S. exulting over his foreign dispatches by our own fireside. The Marquis of Lansdowne now entered. He is about the middle height, with gray hair, blue eyes, and a mild, quiet, dignity of manner. He is one of those who, as Lord Henry Petty took a distinguished part with Clarkson and Wilberforce in the abolition of the slave-trade. He has always been a most munificent patron of literature and art. There

were present also Lord John Russell, Mr. Gladstone, and Lord Granville. The latter we all thought very strikingly resembled in his appearance the poet Longfellow.

VISIT TO LADY RUSSELL.

In the evening we went to Lord John Russell's. We found Lady Russell and her daughters sitting quietly round the evening lamp, quite by themselves. She is elegant and interesting in her personal appearance, and has the same charm of simplicity and sincerity of manner which we have found in so many of the upper sphere. She is the daughter of the Earl of Minto, and the second wife of Lord John. We passed here an entirely quiet and domestic evening with only the family circle. The conversation turned on various topics of practical benevolence connected with the care and education of the poorer classes. Allusion being made to Mrs. Tyler's letter, Lady Russell expressed some concern lest the sincere and well-intentioned expression of feeling of the English ladies might have done harm. I said that I did not think the spirit of Mrs. Tyler's letter was to be taken as representing the feeling of American ladies generally, only of that class who are determined to maintain the rightfulness of slavery. One or two young gentlemen dropped in in the course of the evening, and the discourse branched out on the various topics of the day, such as the weather, literature, art, spirit-rappings and table-turnings, and all the floating et-ceteras of life. Lady Russell apologised for the absence of Lord John in Parliament, and invited us to dine with them at their residence in Richmond-park next week, when there is to be a parliamentary recess.

On comparing the appearance of the English, &c. with the people of her own country, Mrs. Stowe noticed a fact which we have never heard satisfactorily explained, the elasticity of the English. Is the difference in the longevity of Americans caused by climate, or the Maine law not being carried out, or from the too free indulgence in the "noxious weed," or from a habit of incessant expectation, or does the phlegmatic constitution of the English at once account for

THE YOUTHFULNESS AND ALERTNESS OF PUBLIC MEN IN THE OLD COUNTRY.

I could not help thinking, as I looked around on so many men whom I had heard of historically all my life, how very much less they bear the marks of age than men who have been connected a similar length of time with the movements of our country. This appearance of youthfulness and alertness has a constantly deceptive influence upon one in England. I cannot realise that people are as old as history states them to be. In the present company there were men of sixty or seventy whom I should have pronounced at first glance to be fifty. Generally speaking, our working minds seem to wear out their bodies faster, perhaps because our climate is more stimulating, more perhaps from the intense stimulus of our political régime, which never leaves anything long at rest. The tone of manners in this distinguished circle did not obtrude itself upon my mind as different from that of highly-educated people in our own country. It appeared simple, friendly, natural, and sincere. They talked like people who thought of what they were saying rather than how to say it. The practice of thorough culture and good breeding is substantially the same through the world, though smaller conventionalities may differ.

There may be truth in Mrs. Stowe's observation of the decrease of enthusiasm for Scott, while the memory of Burns freshens with each succeeding generation. Scott attached himself to the aristocracy. Burns remained one of the people. A poet cannot sacrifice at the altars of the muses and do homage at the tables of the great. The temple of fame will be closed against him. The people will forget to repeat his name, as one belonging to themselves. Mrs. Stowe may already feel that it would have been as well for the durability of her fame if she had kept a little more aloof from the patronage of the great.

WALTER SCOTT.

One thing has surprised and rather disappointed us. Our enthusiasm for Walter Scott does not apparently meet a response in the popular breast. Allusions to Bannockburn and Drumclog bring down the house; but enthusiasm for Scott was met with comparative silence. We discussed this matter among ourselves, and rather wondered at it. The fact is Scott belonged to a past, and not to the coming age. He beautified and adorned that which is waxing old and passing away. He loved and worshipped in his very soul institutions which the majority of the common people have felt as a restraint and a burden. One might naturally get a very different idea of a feudal castle by starving to death in the dungeon of it, than by writing sonnets on it at a picturesque distance. Now we in America are so far removed from feudalism—it has been a thing so much of mere song and story with us, and our sympathies are so unchecked by any experience of inconvenience or injustice in its consequences—that we are at full liberty to appreciate the picturesque of it; and sometimes

when we stand overlooking our own beautiful scenery, to wish that we could see

On yon bold brow a lordly tower;
In that soft vale a lady's bower;
In yonder meadow far away,
The turrets of a cloister gray:

When those who know by experience all the accompaniments of these ornaments would have quite another impression. Nevertheless, there are two worlds in man, the real and the ideal—and both have indisputably a right to be, since God made the faculties of both. We must feel that it is a benefaction to mankind that Scott was thus raised up as the link in the ideal world between the present and the past. It is a loss to universal humanity to have the imprint of any phase of human life and experience entirely blotted out. Scott's fictions are like this beautiful ivy, with which all the ruins here are overgrown—they not only adorn, but, in many cases, they actually hold together, and prevent the crumbling mass from falling into ruins.

MRS. CHISHOLM.

She is a stout practical-looking woman, who impresses you with the idea of perfect health, exuberant life, and an iron constitution. Her face expresses decision, energy, and good sense. She is a woman of few words, every moment of whose time seems precious. One of her remarks struck me from the quaint force with which it was uttered. "I found," said she, "if we want anything done we must go to work and do; it is of no use to talk, none whatever." It is the secret of her life's success. Mrs. Chisholm first began by doing on a small scale what she wanted done, and people, seeing the result, fell in with and helped her; but to have convinced them of the feasibility of her plans by talking, without this practical demonstration, would have been impossible.

If we substitute writing for talking, we think Mrs. Stowe might take a hint from the sensible observations of the practical Mrs. Chisholm.

Mrs. Stowe received, while in Scotland, a singular anonymous letter, purporting to come from an old Scotch bachelor. We suspect, from the last sentence of one of the paragraphs, that the writer was a native of this side of the Tweed, and that he merely wished to try the critical acumen of the American visitants. He had, probably, bathed oftener in the Liffey, or in some of the rivers of the New World, than in the streams of Kincardineshire. But, after all, this may be a hoax of one of Mrs. Stowe's own party.

If the Scotch kill you with overfeeding and making speeches, be sure to send this hame to tell your founk, that it was Queen Elizabeth who made the first European law to buy and sell human beings like brute beasts. She was England's glory as a Protestant, and Scotland's shame as the murderer of their bonnie Mary. The auld hark skulked away like a coward in the hour of death. Mary, on the other hand, with calmness and dignity repeated a Latin prayer to the Great Spirit and Author of her being, and calmly resigned herself into the hands of her murderer.

Mrs. Stowe is furious against good Queen Elizabeth, apparently for no other reason than because the trade in negroes was established and sanctioned in her reign. It should be remembered that three hundred years ago the Blacks were considered no better than brutes in comparison with Christians. It is fair to presume, if Elizabeth had lived in these enlightened times, she would have been as ardent an Abolitionist as Mrs. Stowe. We must not forget how much England owes to Elizabeth for the proud position it now holds among the nations of Europe, nor be unmindful of the lasting obligation we are under to her for the resolute defence and support of the Protestant cause. We confess we are at a loss to guess why Mrs. Stowe should go so far back to abuse one of the best sovereigns of Old England.

Mrs. Stowe has noticed our present Queen's predilection for Scotland. The shade of Lord Bute ought to be appeased by this triumph of the Scotch nation over one of our English prejudices.

The Queen is exceedingly popular in Scotland, doubtless in part because she heartily appreciates the beauty of the country, and the strong and interesting traits of the people. She has a country residence at Balmoral, where she spends a part of every year; and the impression seems to prevail among her Scottish subjects that she never appears to feel herself more happy or more at home than in this her Highland dwelling. The legend is, that here she delights to throw off the restraints of royalty, to go about plainly dressed like a private individual, to visit in the cottages of the poor, to interest herself in the instruction of the children, and to initiate the future heir of England into that practical love of the people which is the best qualification for a ruler.

A cloud sometimes obscures the *coulour de rose* medium through which Mrs. Stowe was disposed

to view the English character in "the good old times."

THE KNIGHT OF LIDDSDALE.

The Knight of Otterburne was one of the Earls Douglas killed in a battle with Henry Percy, called Hotspur, in 1388. The Knight of Liddsdale was another Douglas, who lived in the reign of David II., and was called "The Flower of Chivalry." One performance of this "Flower" is rather characteristic of the times. It seems the King made one Ramsey high sheriff of Teviotdale. The Earl of Douglas chose to consider this as a personal affront, as he wanted the office himself. So, by way of exhibiting his own qualifications for administering justice, he one day came down on Ramsey *vi et armis*, took him off his judgment-seat, carried him to one of his castles, and without more words tumbled him and his horse into a deep dungeon, where they both starved to death. There's a "Flower" for you, peculiar to the good old times! Nobody could have doubted after this his qualifications to be high sheriff.

BREAKFAST-PARTIES.—MACAULAY.

Looking round the table and seeing how everybody seemed to be enjoying themselves, I said to Macaulay that these breakfast-parties were a novelty to me: that we never had them in America; but that I thought them the most delightful form of social life. He seized upon the idea, as he often does, and turned it playfully inside out, and shook it on all sides, just as one might play with the lustrous of a chandelier—to see them glitter. He expatiated on the merits of the breakfast-parties as compared with all other parties. He said, Dinner parties are mere formalities; you invite a man to dinner because you *must* invite him, because you are acquainted with his grandfather, and it is proper you should; but you invite a man to breakfast because you want to see him. You may be sure, if you are invited to breakfast, there is something agreeable about you. This idea struck me as very sensible, and we all generally, having the fact before our eyes that we were invited to breakfast, approved the sentiment. "Yes," said Macaulay, "depend upon it, if a man is a bore, he never gets an invitation to breakfast." "Rather hard upon poor bores," said a lady. "Particularly," said Macaulay, laughing, "as bores are usually the most irreplicable of human beings. Did you ever hear a bore complained of when they did not say that he was the best fellow in the world? For my part, if I wanted to get a guardian for a family of defenceless orphans, I should inquire for the greatest bore in the vicinity. I should know that he would be a man of unblemished honour and integrity."

As there is a strong disposition at this time to see places of worship decorated and adorned, and something like architectural beauty restored in our cathedrals and churches, the remarks of Mrs. Stowe on the desecrations perpetrated by the bigoted puritanical Goths of the seventeenth century in Aberdeen Cathedral, will be read with interest.

In 1649 the parish minister attacked the "high altar," a piece of the most splendid workmanship of anything of the kind in Europe, and which had to that time remained inviolate, perhaps from the insensible influence of its beauty. It is said that the carpenter employed for the purpose was so struck with the noble workmanship that he refused to touch it, till the minister took the hatchet from his hand and gave the first blow. These men did not consider that "the leprosy lies deep within," and that, when human nature is denied beautiful idols, it will go after ugly ones. There has been just as unspiritual a resting in the coarse, bare, and disagreeable adjuncts of religion as in beautiful and agreeable ones; men have worshipped Juggernaut as pertinaciously as they have Venus and the Graces; so that the good divine might better have aimed a sermon at the heart than an axe at the altar.

"I consider architecture," says Mrs. Stowe, in another part of her letter, "in its nature-poetry—especially in these old countries, where it weaves into itself a nation's history, and gives literally the image and body of the times;" hence the force of her observation that "the old dark architecture of the universities must tend to form a different style of mind from our plain matter-of-fact college buildings."

There was some danger that Mrs. Stowe might construe the homage she received into something like adoration.

As to all engagements I am in a state of happy acquiescence, having resigned myself as a very tame lion into the hands of my keepers. Whenever the time comes for me to do anything I try to behave as well as I can, which, as Dr. Young says, is all that an angel could do in the same circumstances.

When Mrs. Stowe arrived in London she was hospitably received by the Duchess of Sutherland and the several distinguished members of that illustrious family. She thus concludes the *Sunny Memories* of her visits to Stafford House.

The most splendid of England's palaces has this day opened its doors to the slave. Its treasures of wealth

and of art, its prestige of high name and historic memories, have been consecrated to the acknowledgment of Christianity in that form wherein in our day it was most frequently denied; the recognition of the brotherhood of the human family and the equal religious value of every human soul. A fair and a noble hand by this meeting has fixed in the most public manner an ineffaceable seal to the beautiful sentiments of that most Christian document, the Letter of the ladies of Great Britain to the ladies of America. That letter and this public attestation of it are now historic facts, which wait their time and the judgment of advancing Christianity.

The queen does not seem to have found a place in Mrs. Stowe's *Sunny Memories*.

ADIEUS IN ENGLAND.

After this we made a farewell call at the Lord Mayor's; we found the Lady Mayoress returned from the Queen's drawing-room. From her accounts I should judge the ceremonial rather fatiguing. Mrs. M. asked me yesterday if I had any curiosity to see one. I confessed I had not. Merely to see public people in public places, in the way of parade and ceremony, was never interesting to me. I have seen very little of ceremony or show in England. Well now I have brought you down to this time. I have omitted, however, that I went with Lady Hatherton to call on Mr. and Mrs. Dickens, and was sorry to find him too unwell to be able to see me. Mrs. Dickens, who was busy in attending him, also excused herself, and we saw his sister.

And thus ended Mrs. Stowe's *Sunny Memories* in England.

Mrs. Stowe left England before the close of the London season for a ramble on the Continent, visiting Paris, and wandering afterwards among the Alps onwards, until she reached Berlin. Her principal object appears to have been the indulgence of her taste for viewing the sublime in nature and art, and the masterpieces of celebrated painters. A very large portion of the second volume is taken up with remarks on these subjects. She has exercised her criticism pretty freely on works of art, especially on the *chefs-d'œuvre* of both old and modern painters, giving the preference generally to the moderns. Whether her acquaintance with the treasures of the old masters was long enough, here or on the Continent, to enable her to appreciate their beauties, admits a very reasonable doubt. We admire, however, the boldness with which she asserts her right to pronounce judgment.

Never tell me that the old masters have exhausted the world of landscape-painting at any rate. Am I not competent to judge because I am not an artist? What! do not all persons feel themselves competent to pronounce on the merits of natural landscapes, and say which of two scenes is finer? And are painters any greater artists than God? If they say we are not competent to judge because we do not understand the mixing of colours, the mysteries of foreshortening, and all that, I would ask them if they understand how God mixes his colours? Canst thou understand the balancing of the clouds? The wondrous ways of Him who is perfect in wisdom? If therefore I may dare to form a judgment of God's originals, I also will dare to judge of man's imitations. Nobody shall impose old black smoky Poussins and Salvator Rosas on me, and so insult my eyesight and common sense as to make me confess they are better than pictures which I can see have all the freshness and bloom of living reality upon them.

FRANKFORT—PROGRESS OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

Our hotel here is very beautiful. I think it must have been some palace, for it is adorned with fine statues and walls of real marble. The staircase is beautiful, with brass railing, and at the foot a marble lion on each side. The walls of my bed-room are lined with green damask, bordered by gilt bands. The attendance is excellent. In every hotel of each large city there is a man who speaks English. The English language is slowly and surely creeping through Europe. Already it rivals the universality of the French.

We cannot say that the extracts from the journal, which break the series of Mrs. Stowe's letters, but help to make out the second volume, are likely to produce a favourable impression of the good sense or humanity of the writer. There are passages that do not harmonise with the sentimental character of the celebrated work which brought Mrs. Stowe and her party so prominently before the British public last year. Take for example the following:

PÈRE LA CHAISE.

Père la Chaise did not interest me much, except that from the top of the hill I gained a good view of the city. It is filled with tombs and monuments, and laid out in streets. The houses of the dead are smaller than the houses of the living; but they are made like houses, with doors, windows, and an empty place inside for an altar, crucifix, lamps, wreaths, &c. Tombs have no charms for me. I am not at all interested or inspired by them. They do not serve with

me the purpose intended, viz., of calling up the memory of the departed. On the contrary, their memory is associated with their deeds, their works, the places where they wrought, and the monuments of themselves they have left. Here, however, in the charnel-house is commemorated but the event of their deepest shame and degradation, their total vanquishment under the dominion of death, the triumph of corruption. Here all that was visible of them is insulted by the last enemy in the deepest, most humiliating posture of contumely.

Such Alpine anecdotes as Mrs. Stowe has collected in this volume may amuse the abolitionists; but we doubt much whether they will raise the character of the American philanthropists in the esteem of Englishmen. It may be a question worth Mrs. Stowe's consideration, whether it would not be as well to omit the extracts from the journal altogether in the next edition of her *Sunny Memories*. Her own letters are sufficiently interesting to ensure the sale of this work, and stand in no need whatever of these disjointed fragments. We need hardly say, after the extracts we have given, that every reader *must* be entertained with the varied and interesting contents of these volumes.

FICTION.

THE NEW NOVELS.

The Life and Adventures of a Clever Woman. By Mrs. TROLLOPE. 3 vols. London: Hurst and Blackett.

Temper: a Tale. By EMILIA MARRYAT. 3 vols. London: Newby.

Vivia: a Journal. By Mrs. J. ELPHINSTONE DALRYMPLE. 2 vols. London: Hurst and Blackett.

The Lost Treasure; or, Scenes from the Drama of Life: a Tale. London: Daniell.

Bokings: a Novel. By MORTON RAE. London: Hookham.

Transmutation; or, the Lord and the Lout. By N. or M. London: Chapman and Hall.

Claude the Colporteur. By the Author of "Mary Powell." London: A. Hall and Co.

The Australian Emigrant: a Rambling Story. By G. H. HAYDON. London: A. Hall and Co.

Lewell Pastures. By the Author of "Sir Frederick Derwent," &c. 2 vols. London: Routledge and Co.

Mrs. TROLLOPE is herself again. She has found a subject precisely suited to her genius, which excels in the portraiture of "the shams" of society, and rejoices to lift up the veil that hypocrisy has thrown about itself, and to expose to the derision of the world the hollowness, the heartlessness, or the wickedness that lies beneath it. The *Clever Woman* is of the same class with the "Vicar of Wrexhill" and the "Widow Barnaby." It is the history of a woman with some small amount of a certain kind of cleverness, who has resolved to "get on" in the world somehow, she cares little for the means, so that she can obtain the end. The idea of Charlotte Morris was manifestly suggested by Thackeray's Becky Sharp; but with a change of situations, and a different story, Mrs. Trollope has not unfairly employed the creation of "Vanity Fair" as the heroine of a new series of adventures. The story is told in the form of a diary; and from this supposed record, of which passages only are said to be selected, the reader learns how Charlotte Morris was the daughter of a widower, a banker, holding one of those dubious positions in society which are so full of mortifications to those who are foolish enough to subject themselves to be snubbed, if they are not thick-skinned enough not to feel it. As is usual, the daughter is more ambitious than the father. He has a comfortable income, and a nice house in Gloucester-place. But Charlotte is resolved to fight her way into Belgravia, and its more aristocratic society, and she lays her schemes with consummate skill, and pursues them with undeviating perseverance through good and ill, through right and wrong. Mrs. Trollope has conceived the positions and the contrivances with dramatic skill, and described them with admirable spirit and touches of humour. How the clever woman first angles with dinner-parties for some "diner out" of aristocratic connection; how she succeeds in catching the Knights, who privately plot to make her subserve their uses, while she is contriving to make them useful to herself—they wanting the help of her father's purse, she of their introduction to high life; how Charlotte's clever brain fairly outwits them, and, securing

the position for which she was indebted to them, seeks to be rid of them as being incumbrances when she mounts the next step in the social ladder; how, when her cautious father tries to check her extravagance, she runs into debt; and how, to extricate herself from debt, she accepts the offer of a man she does not love, and expends other money, bountifully given by her father for her *trousseau*, in payment of her creditors, and how the arrest of her intended husband on the morning of the marriage alone saves her from that sacrifice; how she intrigues and adventures, and with what adventurers and rogues she is associated; and how she marries at last, and is fairly taken in in her turn by a penniless gambler, and the scenes that ensue between them, and the struggles by him to get, and by her to keep from him, the fortune she possesses; and how, when cleverness fails, she takes to piety—all these things, and many more, will the reader find who sends to the circulating library for this, the best novel the present season has produced. No person can fail to be amused by it; nor will it be possible to begin without concluding it—the true test of excellence in a fiction, whose primary purpose is to amuse and interest.

Miss Marryat is a daughter of the renowned author of "Peter Simple," and she has inherited some of his ability. But it is not his humour; and, whenever she has attempted to sustain the reputation of the name, by imitating the style, of her jocosse parent, she fails. Miss Marryat's forte is the very reverse of her father's. She excels in serious composition. It is when she is most grave that she is most pleasing. She possesses very considerable power of pathos, and especially does she discourse well—that is to say, when she throws in reflection or sentiment, it is always sound common-sense and right feeling. Manifestly she has a wholesome intellect, and her heart is in its proper place. In delineation of character she is not so happy, and her personages are somewhat shadowy: they want individuality; they are representatives of classes. This, however, is too common a defect in novels to be a subject for serious fault-finding. To present to the reader real men and women is a rare faculty, and no novelist who possessed it could fail to rise rapidly to fame; for it is one which all the world can appreciate, and needs no critical eye for its discovery. It is, indeed, rather felt than seen. There is no originality in the story; but that, also, we do not expect to find—at least, we never do find it in modern English novels; so in this respect Miss Marryat is not inferior to her successful contemporaries. Upon the whole, it is a novel of fair average merit, quite as worthy of a place in the circulating libraries as nine-tenths of the novels that are patronised there.

Vivia has a merit of its own; contrary to the course of romance, it does not end in a marriage, and all living happily ever after, &c. &c. *Vivia* closes with a death, and is the picture of a life devoted to an endeavour to do practical good within the circle in which its lot was cast. There is another original feature. It is in two volumes—thus flying in the face of the fashion that prescribes three as the proper space through which the hero and heroine ought to be subjected to the crosses of true love before they are rewarded by a wedding. We like Mrs. Dalrymple for thus venturing to set at defiance an irrational custom, and closing her story when it is all told. The consequence is that it is all readable, there are no tedious descriptions and needless dialogues to eke out the prescribed number of pages; but the story is carried rapidly forward, and closed when it is concluded. To be sure, it is a very simple story; but then it will be read and enjoyed, not for its plot, but for its composition, for the grace and tenderness that pervade it, for the lofty sentiments it contains, and for the sound moral it conveys.

Lords and Ladies again! Whether in one volume or in three, they meet us in every page. *The Lost Treasures*, albeit the production of a respectable member of the middle class, has its Lord and Lady Fitzherbert, and its Sir Charles Finchley and an anonymous Earl and Countess. Pah! Why does not the authoress treat of people she knows something about. Otherwise this tale is a mediocre production. It has no striking features to attract the reader; but it has no glaring faults, however, and possesses the great merit of brevity.

Of *Bokinga* we can say only that it reads as if it were the production of an inexperienced pen. It has many more faults, both

of commission and omission, than the tale last noticed; but it contains mingled with them many indications that the writer possesses some genius, which age, experience, and incessant industry may bring to maturity. As it is, *Bokinga* can be accepted only as a promise of better things to come. Were we to criticise it as a performance, we should be obliged to say much of it that we would rather avoid, because we believe the writer to be capable of a higher flight.

Transmutation is an old idea, very ingeniously presented in a new form, and very cleverly executed. Children are exchanged in infancy, and the peasant's child becomes a lord, and the lord's child a peasant; and then we see, spite of their changed position, that quality of race which is called "blood," showing itself in the actions of both. The author is manifestly a philosopher, as well as a novelist. He is accustomed to think; he has studied mental physiology; and, with qualifications so combined for his task, he has produced a tale in which no person could fail to take a profound interest, and from the perusal of which few will rise unimproved. The story is extremely well conceived, ingeniously wrought, and told with almost brilliancy of style. The author need not be afraid to throw off the veil of the anonymous and appear in his own proper person in his next fiction.

In *Claude the Colporteur*, the author of "Mary Powell" has departed from her former style, and thrown off the imitation of the antique, in which spurious garb the earlier appearances were made. The present story is told in the language of the nineteenth century, and is all the more pleasant to read on that account. The tale, however, is not the attraction here, for that is common-place enough; the charm of the book lies in the telling of the tale, which has much of the simplicity of the German fiction-writers. A religious tone is preserved throughout, and the aims of the work are directed to the cultivation of piety as an everyday virtue, and not as a mere Sunday habit. It is, in its whole structure, a wholesome as well as a pleasing book, and may be safely admitted into the family circle.

The Australian Emigrant is one of a class of books against which we have had frequent occasion to enter a protest. It mingles fiction and fact awkwardly, and the consequence is that the reader cannot know what belongs to each, and is, therefore, liable to mistake one for the other. It seems to us as if, in books of this kind, the fact and the fiction neutralise one another; each destroys the interest of the other. Possibly Mr. Haydon may have presented many true pictures of Australian life; but how is the reader to be assured of this? what confidence can he feel that, when he is most trusting, he is not most deceived? Apart from this defect of design, the book is well written; the sketches are extremely graphic. The wild spirit of the settler inspires the pen of the author, who is assisted by illustrations from the pencil of Watts Phillips, Esq., whose characteristic drawings are not the least attractive feature of the volume.

The story of *Lewell Pastures* is the slightest of the many slight we have encountered during our reviewing life. It scarcely deserves the name of a plot. But this defect is compensated by unusual merit in the writing. A retired officer turned farmer is the hero; the small circle of acquaintances in his neighbourhood are the characters; and the scene is a remote country village. These are unpromising materials; but the author has used them with so much skill as to create an interest in the narrative, which he sustains to its conclusion. The love-passages are produced by a pretty girl, whose birth is mysterious, but to whom in the end the hero is married. The author has elaborated with more than common skill the characters of the accessories, especially the Erskines, an uncomfortable pair, leading a life of continual internal warfare, varied only by occasional quarrels with the people without. Sir Jasper, a man with some traits that distinguish him from the conventional miser of novels, is admirably conceived, and drawn with rare discrimination. There is much more of ability in this fiction than is to be found in many of loftier pretensions and much higher price.

CHAPMAN and HALL have added to their "Select Library of Fiction" a new edition of *The Head of the Family*, by the Authoress of "Olive." It is one of the writer's most successful novels, and therefore well entitled to a place in the very promising series into which it has been introduced. We recommend all who have not read it to take this opportunity to pro-

ceed it cheaply and enjoy the treat it will give them. —The new volumes of "The Parloir Library" present Mr. MAXWELL's *Dark Lady of Doona* and JAMES's *Attila*, one of his best romances. —Mrs. GORE's *Pia Money* has been introduced into "The Railway Library." We congratulate Messrs. Routledge on having obtained the copyrights of this very clever novelist. They will be the most attractive additions yet made to this cheap series of fictions. —Another volume of *De Foe's Works*, added to "Bohn's British Classics" contains the "Memoirs of a Cavalier," "Captain Carleton," and some of his minor fictions and pamphlets. —We detest controversial novels, and therefore we cannot recommend *Clouds and Sunshine*, by MARY ALICIA TAYLOR. Truth can never be thus promoted, nor error confuted. When a fiction is attempted, let it be such; if argument is desired, write an essay; to mingle the two is to erase in the reader's mind the boundaries between truth and falsehood. —*The Violet's Close*, by ELIZA RUMSEY, is a sort of enlarged tract, but prettily written.

POETRY AND THE DRAMA.

Passing Thoughts, with other Poems. London: Hall and Co.

The Returns and the Last Meeting. By JOHN WHYTEHEAD. London: Hardwicke.

Lyra Australis. By CAROLINE W. LEAKEY. London: Bickers and Bush.

Mortimer. By WM. GAYER STARBUCK. London: Saunders and Otley.

Zurlina. By HENRY POTTINGER. London: Pickering.

Poems by Melancton. London: Saunders and Otley.

The First False Step. By JAMES C. GUTHRIE. London: Theobald.

Poems. By JAMES MACFARLAN. London: Hardwicke.

Zeno, and other Poems. By J. D. HORROCKS. London: John CHAPMAN.

THE poetical works we receive are so numerous that some of them necessarily remain for a long time unnoticed; and often, from the same cause, we are forced to string many of them in the limit of a single article, and dismiss them with marked brevity. Our poetical friends must not suppose that by this mode we offer them any indignity, since some of the books so classed have many individual recommendations.

We can best express a summary of *Passing Thoughts* by a slight alteration of Shakspeare's line,

Oh what a gilded outside trifles have!

The author injudiciously states that he is afraid to call the contents of his book "poetry;" and we wish not to be rashly bold where he is so timidly cautious. The unknown author has dedicated his very elegantly printed and bound book to that "great patron of light literature, the drawing-room table;" and no doubt the dedication will be appreciated by those who do not hold intellectuality to be the chief recommendation of a book. *Passing Thoughts* are not exactly thoughts, but a *mélange* of translations, light fugitive pieces, logographs, and charades, and therefore may serve to amuse, in the absence of any poetic qualification.

The Returns and the Last Meeting, by Mr. Whytehead, are domestic poems, written, according to Spenser's addition, in the *ottava rima*, having a decided object and a progressive narrative. They inculcate many homely truths and many wholesome suggestions. We could point out a formidable array of defective rhymes; but, on the whole, the poems, and the manner of their treatment, are creditable.

Lyra Australis, by Caroline Leakey, has the poetic feeling strongly developed, and generally the poetic utterance. There is here a fluency of expression, and more than ordinary musical cadence. One can read this book without being reminded of the disagreeable fact, too frequent of late, that poetry has dwindled into unmeaning tattle.

We cannot speak so favourably of *Mortimer*, by Mr. Gayer Starbuck. It may, with too much truth, be termed *wordy*. Absolute glaring faults it has not, neither has it pointed and striking beauties. One soon gets weary of searching among an over-profusion of leaves for the poor consolation of finding at long intervals a scanty fragment of fruit.

Zurlina, by Mr. Pottinger, is a story illustrative of Corsican character, and it possesses much of that energy and rapid intonation which made Scott's metrical narratives so popular. We are hurried on by the musical progress of the verse, so that it may with truth be said of Mr.

Pottinger that he has been so far successful as to have secured to readers one of the objects of poetry, namely, excitement.

Poems, under the *nom de plume* of Melanter, would not disgrace the real name of the author. The drama of "Eric and Katrine" contains many passages of eloquence and force, yet it is not strictly a good drama for stage effect. Its situations have not sufficient dramatic intensity, neither does the final catastrophe swell, like an inevitable fate, from an accumulation of histrionic points. It possesses, however, some good descriptive passages. We like Melanter best in his metrical character, as distinct from the drama. His "Mount Arafat" contains much energetic, melodious, and deep-toned verse. It has, we think, more poetic pith than any poem in the book; but all Melanter has done, in translation, in drama, and in rhymed utterance, shows that he knows how to extract melody from the English language.

Mr. Jas. Guthrie's object in his poem *The First False Step*, is to further the temperance cause. He draws a portrait, and graphic and fearful it is, of one who allows the demon of drunkenness to mar the image of God and man. The object of the poet is laudable, and his performance not less so. His poem is a rapid succession of pictures proceeding with panoramic vividness. In these verses, moving forward in the form and with the descriptive spirit of the ballad, there is wonderful fertility and facility. Flexible, yet forcible, they fully sustain the reputation which the author gained by the publication of his "Village Scenes."

Poems, by Mr. James Macfarlan, are very comely and faultless, artistically speaking. The most splenetic critic is here disarmed; for the art of verse-making has been cultivated with nice precision. Mr. Macfarlan is entitled to higher praise than this—his sense of beauty being quick, and his fancy warm and bright. If he has given us no new glimpses of nature, no original musings, he has yet invested his thoughts, which are by no means common, with words spontaneous and melodious; and which convey that charm which is a necessary portion of all things free and tuneful.

Zeno and other Poems, by Mr. Horrocks, scarcely rise to the poetic atmosphere. They are good musical talk, and not therefore unpleasing; but they leave the reader no throb of delight, no thrill of emotion. One parts with them without regret; but not without the conviction that the author is one among that numerous class, clever, sensible, and sympathetic—able to give us the form of a poem, without its divine soul.

Five Dramas, by an Englishman, should have been left to the obscurity to which judicious managers had doubtless doomed them. They want originality; at the best, they are only prose put into metre, and that prose wanting in spirit and dramatic effect. People do not talk in real life as they are made to talk here; and in dramatic life they are made to talk a great deal better.—*The Poetical Works of Butler* are contained in the new volume of Nichol's magnificent edition of the British poets, edited by Mr. Gillilan, and it is as cheap as it is handsome—a true library book.

MISCELLANEOUS.

My Friends and Acquaintance, &c. &c. By P. G. PATMORE. 3 vols. London: Saunders and Otley.

THREE volumes of gossiping recollections; one third or fourth of which has some degree of that sort of interest and value which may be contained in gossip. Mr. Patmore was whilom—that is, between twenty and thirty years ago—one of the professional litterateurs of this metropolis; wrote in various magazines; was what Mr. Horne terms a "false medium between men of genius and the public," *videlicet*, a publisher's reader; committed a book in his own person, called "Chatsworth, or the Romance of a Week," consisting of certain "tales of the olden time," set in a modern framework; wrote a comedy of the Sheridan school, entitled "Marriage in May Fair" (which has very recently been made public); knew something of Charles Lamb, a good deal of William Hazlitt, a little of Campbell; and had a sort of friendship, on the basis of worshipping criticism, with Mr. Plumer Ward, the author of "Trenaine," "De Vere," &c.—books, by the way, which occupy a much smaller portion of the world's present thoughts

than Mr. Patmore seems to believe. *My Friends and Acquaintance* consists of some eight or nine separate papers, like magazine-articles, each headed with the name of a "deceased celebrity;" the chaotic substance of these being anecdotes, *mots*, letters, sketches of appearance and character—some new, some which have already done duty in newspapers and periodicals. The following letter of Charles Lamb's, which, as far as we know, has never been in print hitherto, is the most amusing thing in the volumes. Let us premise that the "Dash" it refers to was a large dog which Thomas Hood gave to Lamb, who by his indulgence allowed the four-footed companion to become a complete tyrant over him, especially in his walks, for he "would never allow Lamb to quit the house without him, and, when out, would never go anywhere but precisely where it pleased himself."

In the Regent's-park in particular Dash had his quasi-master completely at his mercy; for the moment they got within the ring, he used to squeeze himself through the railing, and disappear for half-an-hour together in the then inclosed and thickly-planted greensward, knowing perfectly well that Lamb did not dare to move from the spot where he (Dash) had disappeared till he thought proper to show himself again. And they used to take this walk oftener than any other, precisely because Dash liked it and Lamb did not.

This world-upside-down arrangement between Elia and Dash is very droll, and so is the allusion to the unruly pet in the letter we now extract. "Becky" was a faithful servant, who, in her own way, also domineered over her easy-tempered master and mistress.

LETTER OF CHARLES LAMB.

Hazlitt has somewhere said of Charles Lamb, speculatively, that he was a man who would laugh at a funeral and cry at a wedding. How far the first branch of the proposition was true may be seen by the following exquisite effusion:

Charles Lamb to P. G. Patmore.

"Dear P.—I am so poorly! I have been to a funeral, where I made a pun, to the consternation of the rest of the mourners. And we had wine. I can't describe to you the howl which the widow set up at proper intervals. Dash could; for it was not unlike what he makes. The letter I sent you was one directed to the care of E. White, India House, for Mrs. Hazlitt. Which Mrs. Hazlitt I don't yet know; but A. has taken it to France on speculation. Really it is embarrassing. There is Mrs. present H., Mrs. late H., and Mrs. John H., and to which of the three Mrs. Wiggins's it appertains I don't know. I wanted to open it, but it's transportation. I am sorry you are plagued about your book. I would strongly recommend you to take for one story Massinger's 'Old Law.' It is exquisite. I can think of no other. Dash is frightful this morning. He whines and stands up on his hind legs. He misses Becky, who is gone to town. I took him to Barnet the other day, and he couldn't eat his victuals after it. Pray God his intellects be not slipping. Mary is gone out for some soles. I suppose it's no use to ask you to come and partake of 'em; else there's a steam-vessel. [His correspondent was in Paris.] I am doing a tragi-comedy, in two acts, and have got on tolerably; but it will be refused, or worse. I never had luck with anything my name was put to. Oh, I am so poorly! I *weaked* it at my cousin's the book-binder's, who is now with God; or if he is not, it's no fault of mine. We hope the Frank wines do not disagree with Mrs. Patmore. By the way, I like her. Did you ever taste frogs? Get them, if you can. They are like little Lilliput rabbits, only a thought nicer. How sick I am!—not of the world, but of the widow's shrub. She's sworn under 6000*l.*; but I think she perjured herself. She howls in *Elia*, and I comfort her in B flat. You understand music? If you haven't got Massinger, you have nothing to do but go to the first bibliothèque you can light upon at Boulogne, and ask for it (Gifford's Edition); and if they haven't got it, you can have 'Athalie,' par Monsieur Racine, and make the best of it. But that 'Old Law' is delicious. 'No shrimps!' (That's in answer to Mary's question about how the soles are to be done.) I am uncertain where this *wandering* letter may reach you. What you mean by *Poste Restante*, God knows. Do you mean I must pay the postage? So I do to Dover. We had a merry passage with the widow at the Commons. She was howling—part howling and part giving directions to the proctor—when crash! down went my sister through a crazy chair, and made the clerks grin, and I grinned, and the widow tittered—and then I knew that she was not *inconsolable*. Mary was more frightened than hurt. She'd make a good match for anybody. (By she, I mean the widow.)

If he bring but a *relict* away
He is happy, nor heard to complain.

SHENSTONE.

"Proctor has got a wen growing out of the nape of his neck, which his wife wants him to have cut off; but I think it rather an agreeable excrescence—like

his poetry—redundant. Hone has hanged himself for debt. Godwin was taken up for picking pockets. Beckey takes to bad courses. Her father was blown up in a steam machine. The coroner found it insanity. I should not like him to sit on my letter." Do you observe my direction? Is it Gallic?—Classical? Do try and get some frogs. You must ask for 'grenouilles' (green-eels). They don't understand 'frogs,' though it's a common phrase with us. If you go through Bulloign (Boulogne) inquire if old Godfrey is living, and how he got home from the Crusades. He must be a very old man now. If there is anything new in politics or literature in France, keep it till I see you again, for I'm in no hurry. Chatty-Briant (Chateaubriand) is well, I hope. I think I have no more news; only give both our loves ('all three,' says Dash) to Mrs. Patmore, and bid her get quite well, as I am at present, bating qualms, and the grief incident to losing a valuable relation.

"C. L.
"Londres, July 19, 1827."

The other letter of Lamb's (p. 32), almost entirely about Dash, is also very comical; but we have seen it in print before now.

Here is a sketch of Lamb's looks:—

I do not know whether Lamb had any oriental blood in his veins; but certainly the most marked complexional characteristic of his head was a Jewish look, which pervaded every portion of it, even to the sallow and uniform complexion, and the black and crisp hair standing off loosely from the head, as if every single hair were independent of the rest. The nose, too, was large and slightly hooked, and the chin rounded and elevated to correspond. There was altogether a *Rabbinical* look about Lamb's head which was at once striking and impressive. . . . Above all, there was a pervading sweetness and gentleness which went straight to the heart of every one who looked on it; and not the less so, perhaps, that it bore about it an air, a something seeming to tell that it was,—not *put on*—for nothing would be more unjust than to tax Lamb with assuming anything, even a virtue, which he did not possess—but preserved and persevered in, spite of opposing and contradictory feelings within, that struggled in vain for mastery.

We have many other interesting glimpses of the external Elia, as well as of his peculiarities of taste and character—his rusty black suit, with knee-breeches and gaiters, and black worsted or silk stockings, making him resemble a preacher of some sort; his large fine head on slight body and slighter legs; his sympathy with others, and endeavour to accommodate himself to their likings and expectations, and, along with this, his tendency to escape, in one direction, into seclusion and pensiveness, or, in another, into oddities and extravagancies of manner; his love for his old books; his *hatred* of the country; and that touching and lifelong companionship between the brother and sister, rendered deeper and more sacred by the awful shadows which fell upon their path. Lamb, according to our present observer, never was wholly free from a "restlessness which is incompatible with mental tranquility," except when in the sole company of those quaint quarts and folios which formed his library. The following shrewd account of the contradictory feelings with which he regarded the visits of his friends, gives an interesting peep into human nature:—

It is not the less true that Lamb was, for the moment, delighted at the advent of an unlooked-for friend, even though he was thereby interrupted in the midst of one of these beatific communings. But they must have read his character ill, or with little interest, who did not perceive that, after the pleasant excitement of the moment was over, he became restless, uneasy, and "busied about many things"—about anything, rather than the settling down quietly into a condition of mind or temper even analogous to that from which the new arrival had irretrievably roused him, for that day at least. Feeling the unreasonable disturbance as such, yet not for a moment admitting it to be such, even to himself, he became *over-anxious* to show you how welcome you were,—doing half-a-dozen things in a breath, to prove the feeling,—every one of which, if read aright, proved something very like the reverse. If it happened to be about dinner-time, he would go into the kitchen to see if it was ready, or put on his hat and go out to order an additional supply of porter, or open a bottle of wine and pour some out,—taking a glass himself to set you the example, as he innocently imagined,—but, in reality, to fortify himself for the task of hospitality that you had imposed upon him; anything, in fact, but sit quietly down by the fire, and enjoy your company, or let you enjoy his. And if you happened to arrive when dinner or tea was over, he was perfectly fidgety, and almost cross, till you were fairly seated at the meal which he and his excellent sister insisted on providing for you, whether you would or not. It is true that, by the time all these preliminaries were over, he had recovered his ease, and was really glad to see you; and if you had come to stay the night,

* "The reader need scarcely be told that all the above items of home news are pure fiction.

when the shutters were shut, and the candles came, and you were comfortably seated round the fire, he was evidently pleased and bettered by the occasion thus afforded for a dish of cosy table-talk. But not the less true is it that every knock at the door sent a pang to his heart; and this without any distinction of persons: whoever it might be, he equally welcomed and wished them away; and all for the same reason—namely, that they called him from the company of his own thoughts, or those still better communings with the thoughts of his dead friends, with whom he could hold an intercourse unclogged by any actual bodily presence. In these respects, Lamb resembled the lover in Martial's epigram: he could neither live with his friends, nor without them. If they stayed away from him long, he was hurt and angry; and when they went to him he was put out.

Here is a sweeping conversational verdict of Lamb's (but he would probably, to prove his rule, have made one exception, in favour of the Duchess of Newcastle) on

AUTHORESSES.

We spoke of L. E. L., and Lamb said—"If she belonged to me, I would lock her up and feed her on bread and water till she left off writing poetry. A female poet, or female author of any kind, ranks below an actress, I think."

What Mr. Patmore tells us of Campbell does little credit to the Poet of "Hope;" he states, for instance, that the "Life of Mrs. Siddons" and "Life of Sir Thomas Lawrence," both of which are described on their title pages as "by T. Campbell, Esq.," "were entirely prepared and composed" by another person (whose house Campbell frequented), "who was an extremely rapid and off-hand writer," and much employed by popular publishers. This statement has, however, been flatly contradicted by some of Campbell's friends, since the publication of Mr. Patmore's volumes. Mixed up with a disquisition on the poetic temperament in general—every word of which could well be spared—we find some noticeable traits recorded of Campbell's character and manners. We are told that, notwithstanding his refined literary taste, and the fastidiousness of his personal habits, he dishonestly sold his name to the publishers, and gave his intimacy to a person (already alluded to) of coarse mind and almost ostentatious profligacy; that he was a pleasant host, only on returning to the drawing-room he was apt to take his place beside the prettiest woman in the room, and become lost to the rest of the company (which was a venial enough crime); but that "with all his amiable and attractive qualities, he was evidently a man so entirely self-centred, so totally free from personal and individual sympathies, that a friendship with him, in anything more than the conversational sense of the term, was out of the question." The summing up informs us that "when Campbell was in good health and spirits, or was made so for the nonce by those artificial means which during the latter part of his life were necessary to his personal comfort, he was the most popular person in the world, whatever class of society he frequented; and though I cannot believe that anybody ever loved him to the amount even of ordinary friendship, everybody liked him, nobody feared him, and half those with whom he came into accidental contact fancied him to be an ordinary person like themselves, and

Wondered with a foolish face of praise

at the vast reputation of one so little different from the Thomsons and Johnsons of their ordinary acquaintance."

Next we have some reminiscences of the fascinating Countess of Blessington, and specimens of her correspondence, in which flattery always wears the most ingenuous of smiles; but there is little added to our previous knowledge by one more tribute to the graces of look and manner which made this lady's conversation the delight of those who talk: in her books the charm was evaporated. Here, however, is a remark to the purpose, indicating one source of her peculiar social influence.

I soon found, on becoming personally acquainted with her, that another of the attractions which contributed to give Lady Blessington that unique position in London society which she held for so many years, and even more exclusively and conspicuously after her husband's death than before it, was that strong personal interest which she felt, and did not scruple to evince, on every topic on which she was called upon to busy herself—whether it was the fashion of a cap or the fate of nations. In this her habit of mind was French rather than English—or rather it was Irish, which is no less demonstrative than the French, and infinitely more impressive. Of French demonstrations of sudden interest and goodwill you doubt the sincerity, even while you accept and acknowledge

them. But there was no doubting the cordiality and sincerity of Lady Blessington, while their outward demonstrations lasted; which is perhaps all one has any right to require in such matters.

There was a portrait of Lord Byron inserted in the *New Monthly Magazine* (where the Countess's "Conversations" were first published), which represented him, if we remember rightly, as somewhat stooped and very awkward in figure, with an irritated poke-out of the chin, and sharp contemptuous expression. This derogatory representation, it seems, gave annoyance to many of the poet's worshippers; and the artist, Count D'Orsay, was therefore induced to make some remarks in its defence, in a letter which Lady Blessington gave Mr. Patmore, to the effect indicated in the following extracts:—

Le portrait de Lord Byron, dans le dernier numéro du *New Monthly Magazine*, a attiré sur lui des attaques sans nombre—et pourquoi? Parcequ'il ne coïncide pas exactement avec les idées exagérées des MM. les Romantiques, qui finissent, je pense, par faire de Thomas Moore un géant, pourvu qu'il s'en tienne quelque temps sans le voir. . . . Il n'en est pas moins vrai que les deux seuls portraits véridiques de Lord Byron présentés jusqu'à ce jour au public, sont celui en tête de l'ouvrage de Leigh Hunt, et celui du "New Monthly."

Nearly a whole volume is occupied with Mr. Patmore's intercourse and correspondence with Mr. Robert Plumer Ward, arising in the first place from the MS. of *Tremaine* having come into Mr. Patmore's hands for revision. We have also nearly a volume under the heading "WILLIAM HAZLITT;" and this includes the most interesting matter presented in the publication before us, from the life-like portrait it conveys of that clever and unhappy man, as a human being, whose own writings are perhaps only valuable in their unintentional illustrations of his character. Here is the key-note struck:

In resolving to tell what I know, or have been led to feel of William Hazlitt, I have determined to "nothing extenuate." I at once, then, confess that the plague-spot of his personal character was an ingrained selfishness, which more or less influenced and modified all the other points of his nature.

Lest we should do Mr. Patmore injustice in our extracts, it is proper to say, once for all, that he constantly and warmly expresses his admiration of the genius and character of Hazlitt, without allowing it to obstruct the statement of his faults and foibles; and that faithfulness of testimony, according to his light (the grand requisite in all testimony), appears to be a general characteristic of the work before us.

Mr. Patmore having become acquainted with Hazlitt, and done him a service, is suddenly horrified at seeing himself ferociously attacked, "almost by name," by the Table-talker, in the *London Magazine*; and here is the explanation of it:

The fact is, Hazlitt (as I learned afterwards) believed that I had committed against him what he justly deemed an unpardonable offence. I had, he thought, cut him in the street! And whenever anything of this kind happened to him, there was no limit to the "wild kind of justice" which he was disposed to wreak upon the offending party. I do not believe that he could have slept in peace till he had righted himself, in any case of this kind; and when the individual was not one against whom he could use his pen, he made his tongue the medium of reprisal.

After a description of Hazlitt's appearance, slight but well-formed person, fine head, coal-black hair, and elegant features, we have the following curious account of his demeanour:

All these advantages were worse than thrown away, by the strange and ungainly manner that at times accompanied them. Hazlitt entered a room as if he had been brought back to it in custody; he shuffled sideling to the nearest chair, sat himself down upon one corner of it, dropped his hat and his eyes upon the floor, and, after having exhausted his stock of conventional small talk in the words, "It's a fine day" (whether it was so or not), seemed to resign himself moodily to his fate. And if the talk did not take a turn that roused or pleased him, thus he would sit, silent and half-absorbed, for half an hour or half a minute, as the case might be, and then get up suddenly, with a "Well, good morning," shuffle back to the door, and blunder his way out, audibly muttering curses on his folly for willingly putting himself in the way of becoming the laughing-stock of—the servants! for it was of that class and intellectual grade of persons that Hazlitt alone stood in awe.

Here, too, is an interesting sketch of his daily habits.

Hazlitt usually rose at from one to two o'clock in the day—scarcely ever before twelve; and if he had no work in hand, he would sit over his breakfast (of

excessively strong black tea, and a toasted French roll) till four or five in the afternoon—silent, motionless, and self-absorbed, as a Turk over his opium pouch; for tea served him precisely in this capacity. It was the only stimulant he ever took, and at the same time the only luxury; the delicate state of his digestive organs prevented him from tasting any fermented liquors, or touching any food but beef and mutton, or poultry and game, dressed with perfect plainness. He never touched any but black tea, and was very particular about the quality of that, always using the most expensive that could be got; and he used, when living alone, to consume nearly a pound in a week. A cup of Hazlitt's tea (if you happened to come in for the first brewage of it) was a peculiar thing; I have never tasted anything like it. He always made it himself; half-filling the teapot with tea, pouring the boiling water on it, and then almost immediately pouring it out; using with it a great quantity of sugar and cream. To judge from its occasional effect upon myself, I should say that the quantity Hazlitt drank of this tea produced, ultimately, a most injurious effect upon him; and in all probability hastened his death—which took place from disease of the digestive organs. But its immediate effect was agreeable, even to a degree of fascination; and not feeling any subsequent reaction from it, he persevered in its use to the last, notwithstanding two or three attacks, similar to that which terminated his life. To the very few who felt a real and deep interest in this extraordinary man, and to whom it was evident that his restless and resistless passions, and his entire, and even wilful, subjection to them—added to other points, to be hereafter referred to, in his moral and physical constitution—made him one of the most wretched of human beings, it was no less curious than pleasing to see him luxuriating over his beloved tea, in a state of deep and still repose, that nothing could disturb—not even the intrusion of a mere acquaintance or a dun—events that, at other times, were but too apt to move him from his propriety.

Hazlitt, having at one period indulged in them too freely, became afterwards a total abstainer from intoxicating drinks—a true teetotaler. His chief meal was supper, of hot meat, which he always took at a tavern, having first usually spent some hours in one of the large theatres. The Southampton coffee-house, Southampton-buildings, Chancery-lane, was, for several years, his favourite resort, and here he used to sit "till a very uncertain hour in the morning," drinking tea or cold water, watching the imbibition of more stimulating fluids, and joining in desultory talk, often protracted till daylight peeped through the window-shutters of the "bare and comfortable coffee-room."

Hazlitt's life was a tragical one. His natural capabilities languishing in indolence and indecision, and distorted by selfishness and passion—without friends, without settled occupation, without content in the present, or hope in the future—existence to him was like a troublous dream, haunted by sad flitting shapes, rising, at rare intervals, into moments of illusive delirium, or sinking, in its most tolerable phase, into a scarcely conscious torpidity. He was a "disappointed man," who blamed the whole human race for his misfortunes, and was (as ever) himself the one person to blame. Yet, catching hints of the social and human kindness that lurked under this melancholy confusion; of the morbid sensitiveness of his organisation, both bodily and mental, and the state of continual suffering in which it kept him; and of the struggle for self-restraint, successful in this steady abstinence from wine, which sometimes "brought tears into his eyes"—it is impossible to withhold one's deep sympathy and compassion for this mortal brother, whose tea and table-talk, and suppers and vexations are now at an end. *Requiescat.* The record can do him no hurt, and may do others good, if they will ponder it.

The last section of these volumes is occupied with a somewhat vague account of the discovery of three MS. dramas, the composition (as here alleged) of Richard Brinsley Sheridan,—"Ixion," a Burlesque; a Fairy Opera; and a Musical After-piece. Mr. Patmore gives us reason to expect the production of one or more of these upon the stage; but, meanwhile, we take leave to doubt whether they will be found to contain anything half so amusing as the pompous importance with which the discovery is laid before us. The Fairy Opera is reluctantly described as second, in some respects, to the "Midsummer Night's Dream;" and the "Ixion," which appears to be, mainly, a tissue of vulgar and indecent slang, without wit or originality—though clever as the work of a boy of 18, to which period of Sheridan's life it is assigned by Moore's Life—will, we are told, "certainly offer no exception to Byron's saying about the supremacy of Sheridan over all other men in all

that he had seriously set himself to do." (1) The following, from this "remarkable work," is a specimen over which Mr. Patmore cannot sufficiently express his delight and exultation:

DUET.

MERCURY AND NIBBIS.

Merc. The sun at Tyburn shall be hung—
Nib. The man 't' the moon grow sick—
Merc. The stars like bugles shall be strung—
Both. Ere I my sweetheart trick.
Nib. The ox shall carve the butcher up—
Merc. The whitebait eat the trout:—
Nib. And sparrows spawn, and fishes pup—
Both. Ere we will once fall out.

If there is anything else in our language within the same compass, that, for perfect originality of conception, startling strangeness of imagery, and breadth of humorous comicality, equals this, I have not met with it in a pretty extensive reading of such matters.

If there is anything else in our language, within the same compass, that for perfect extravagance of estimate, equals this comment of Mr. Patmore's, we don't know where it is to be found.

The remainder of the book includes slight notices of Laman Blanchard, Horace and James Smith, Leigh Hunt, Northcote the painter, and a few others.

The Amateur Gardener. By the Rev. HENRY BURGESS, LL.D. Edinburgh: A. and C. Black.

WE have had occasion to review a multitude of books designed to convey popular instruction in the art of gardening; but this is, beyond compare, the best work of its class that has come under our notice. It is really popular. It addresses itself exclusively to the amateur, in language intelligible to him, and with instructions which it is easy to follow. We have found, with all former books professing to assist the owner of a garden in its cultivation, that they were not practical. Either they took for granted the possession by the reader of a great deal more knowledge of horticulture than he could boast, or they required the ownership of appliances which only nursery gardens or large private establishments possess. Dr. Burgess has entirely avoided these faults. He is an amateur gardener, having an intense love for the occupation, and thus he knows from experience precisely what are the requirements of amateurs; and he addresses his readers accordingly, telling them how he manages his own garden, and thus teaching by example. His plan is to take the year month by month, and describe the operations that most require attention in that month, and his instructions extend to the entire produce of an ordinary garden. A considerable portion of the work appeared in the *Gardeners' Chronicle* some years ago; but, by thus collecting, correcting, and adding to them in a volume that every owner of a garden, however small, ought to possess, he has done good service to the most pure, wholesome, and pleasing of all pursuits.

The Electric Telegraph of Fun, edited and illustrated by ALFRED CROWQUILL, is a gathering of jokes adapted for railway reading. Like most of such collections, it gives one really good joke among half-a-dozen very dull ones. The best are of the editor's own making. — *Cornish's Stranger's Guide to Bir-*

mingham contains much useful information for visitors, but more than half of the volume is occupied with local advertisements, which appear to have been the principal object of the enterprise. — *The Serf and the Cossack*, by FRANCIS MARX, is one of the many brochures produced by the war; but it was scarcely worth publishing. — "AN OLD REVIEWER" has written a small book which he calls *The Young Poet's Assistant*. It professes to instruct would-be poets in the art of writing poetry. The hints are thoroughly unpractical, because they are general maxims and not specific directions; the writer tells his readers what they ought to do, but not how to do it. This is the fault of almost all teachers and moralists. They think they are uttering wisdom when they mouth maxims. They forget that those they address know as well as they do what ought to be done. No prophet nor philosopher is needed to tell us that; what we all require is to be shown how to do the right and avoid the wrong. No other teaching is of any worth. So here the "Old Reviewer" utters indisputable dogmas as to what a good poem should or should not be; but, having read these, would any versifier write better verses? We believe not.

PERIODICALS AND SERIALS.

Blackwood's Magazine for August has more of grave matter, and less of light and graceful literature, than is its wont, a change which to our taste is not an improvement. The number contains seven articles, of which one is political, one is a continuation of the novel called "The Secret of Stoke Manor," and the rest are on such weighty matters as the Greek Revolution, the Insurrection in Spain, the Ethnology of Europe, the Gaugetic Provinces of the British Empire, and Student Life in Scotland—this latter being the most readable of all.

On the other hand, the *Dublin University Magazine* courts favour by variety and mingling of the grave and the gay, poetry and prose. It opens politically with the question "Who is to carry on the Queen's Government?" No less than three of its papers are connected with the war. The most attractive, however, will be that on "The Plurality of Worlds and Sir David Brewster." "Murchison's Siluria" is the theme of an instructive paper very pleasantly written, and the further chapters of "Mosses upon Grave-stones" will reward perusal.

From America comes to us *Putnam's Monthly*, the most aspiring and the most successful of the transatlantic magazines. It counts among its contributors the ablest native writers, and it prefaces the present number with a portrait of one of the wisest of them, the author of a series called "The Potiphar Papers." The aim of the editors is variety. None of the articles are long, and they mingle a profusion of tales and playful essays. It is noteworthy also for its poetry, which is contributed by poets of reputation, whose pens it is impossible not to recognise, although no name is affixed.

The *Eclectic Review* is an organ of the Dissenters, but it is withal a clever literary periodical. Indeed, the religious portion of its pages is but a fraction of them. The present number does not contain a single one; but, instead of its proper themes, papers on "Dearth and Insects in France," on "Modern Poetry," on "Accidents in Coal Mines," on "Russian Nationalities," and so forth. These, however, are extremely well written.

The *Scottish Review* in like manner is dedicated to a cause, but travels out of its design by treating of almost every subject besides that to which it professes to be devoted. Is this prudent?

The *Ladies' Companion* adds to full particulars of the fashions, an extensive miscellany of original prose and poetry, chiefly fiction, contributed for the most part by writers of established fame.

The *Journal of Industrial Progress*, edited by Mr. Sullivan, treats of all sorts of topics affecting the industry of Ireland, to the advancement of which it is devoted.

The *Rambler*, a Roman Catholic magazine, has an article on the "Evil Effects of Religious Persecution." Is this a sign of the times?

The second number of *Home Thoughts*, edited by Mrs. Octavius Owen, has some pleasant papers on many subjects, written with more than average ability. The essays on "Health at Home" promise to be very useful.

Bentley's Miscellany is as bellicose as all its contemporaries. It opens with a powerful paper on the "Campaign against Russia." Miss Grace Greenwood's "Haps and Mishaps" continue their lively narrative of her visit to Europe, very much more interesting than Mrs. Stowe's. Another attractive paper is on the "Theatres of London, Past and Present."

The *Epitome* is a new periodical, of which the first part is before us. It is very like Chambers's and others of the cheap journals, with rather more fiction, and a new feature is the attention it gives to recording the progress of invention. There is much pleasant and profitable reading in it.

The *Church of Scotland Magazine* returns to the question of "Modern Science and Revelation," and, seeking to reconcile them, does so triumphantly. Other papers are rather literary than religious.

The eighth number of the *Railway Miscellany* is, as its name implies, designed for railway reading, and the object of the editor is variety.

The new number of *Orr's Circle of the Sciences* treats of "Trigonometry."

Part V. of *The Land we Live In* describes Macclesfield, the Potteries, Sheffield and North Derbyshire, with a multitude of engravings of unusual merit. It is quite a tourist's handbook.

The *Biographical Magazine* has neatly written memoirs of Cobbett, Geo. Herbert, Mad. de Stael, Murat, and Crabbe.

Hogg's Instructor opens with a suggestive paper by Mr. Gillilan, on "Prospective Periodical Literature." Another notable paper is that on "Her Majesty's Printers"—the first of a series entitled "Photographs of London Business."

Chambers's Journal continues Mr. W. Chambers's interesting narrative of his recent tour in America.

The *New York Quarterly Review* opens with an article condemnatory of the course taken by England and France in the Russian war; but this review is avowedly Russian in its tendency, because, as it asserts, a despotism is more in accordance with a democracy than an aristocratic government. "Loyola and Jesuit Reaction" is extremely eloquent. "The Prose Works of M. N. P. Willis" is the subject of another essay of European interest.

The *Art Journal*, for this month, presents us with Webster's "Village School," Verboukhoven's "Passing the Brook," and Reynolds's picture of "Sir A. Hume" in the Vernon Gallery—besides a quantity of woodcuts illustrative of the text.

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

THE CRITIC ABROAD.

It often happens that, when a man has achieved notoriety in a fair field, or has it thrust upon him in the form of a halter, the gossips are sure to recollect some circumstance attending his birth, or some fact connected with his childhood, which as clearly pointed to his future as any finger-post points to the Land's-End. Judas Iscariot came into the world (so says the legend, at least) with visible marks of the traitor upon him. History is silent upon the subject; but no doubt there was some ancient lady who was quite sure, after the event, that Jerry Abershaw would be hanged, because some cat had kittened a monstrosity at his birth, or some hen had been heard to crow. It was clear to poor King Henry what an eminent rascal his son Richard would turn out.

The owl shriek'd at thy birth—an evil sign;
 The night-crow cried, abominable luck!
 Dogs howl'd, and hideous tempests shook down trees;
 The raven rook'd her on the chimney's top;
 And chattering pies in dismal discord sung.

Before great Cæsar died, besides a lioness whelping in the streets, and other marvels, the

Ghosts did shriek, and squeal about the streets;
 and we may depend upon it that, if his old nurse

had been present, she would have made Calphurnia more unhappy than she was by mentioning some early prediction plainly indicative of his fate in the Senate-house. What wonder if another Cæsar, whose name filled a wider world than the first, should have been at an early age the subject of prophecy? We read that, when the great-uncle of Napoleon Bonaparte was on his deathbed, addressing Joseph, Napoleon's elder brother, he said, "Thou art the eldest of the family; but, remember, Napoleon is chief." The prediction would have been forgotten, probably, if Napoleon had never been Emperor. We have the correct version of the prophecy, to which undue importance has been given, in the memoirs of King Joseph, which have recently appeared in ten volumes—*Mémoires du Roi Joseph*, publiés par M. A. Ducasse. The monarch says:

I was at Ajaccio at the time when our great-uncle died. What has been published is incorrect. A few minutes before he expired he had us all round his bed, and announced to us his approaching end with a calmness which we admired. "Letitia," said he, addressing our mother, "cease thy tears; I die content since I see thee surrounded with thy children.

My existence is no longer necessary to the children of Charles. Joseph is now at the head of the administration of the country," thus he can well direct that of the family. *Thou, Napoleon, thou shalt be a great man!* ("Tu poi, Napoleone, serai un omone.")

A somewhat similar prophecy was made by Napoleon's father, who died young. But where is there fond father, who perceives in a son signs of promise, who does not vaticinate to his favour? The prophecy of Charles Bonaparte, the Emperor's father, was spoken on his death-bed, while suffering under a painful malady. Joseph says:—

The long and painful illness of my father had weakened his organs. It was a few days before his death when, in a state of complete delirium, he cried out that no foreign aid could save him, since Napoleon, whose sword would one day triumph over Europe, would vainly endeavour to save his father from the dragon of death that assailed him.

Quitting the theme of prophecy and omens, which the introductory pages of these volumes suggested to us for a moment's consideration, we

* He had just been elected member of the Administrative Council of Corsica.

have to observe of them that they place the Bonapartes, as a family, in a more favourable point of view than we have been apt to regard them. There is something affecting in the relations between the two brothers, the elder and the younger—as we read of them in these volumes; but we confess that our sympathies are rather with the learned, intelligent, cultivated, and polite Joseph, than with the “obstinate and curious” lad, and grand and commanding genius, Napoleon. Joseph was a fond, admiring elder brother; Napoleon an exacting, imperative, but not an ungrateful one—having, however, at times a strange way of manifesting his affection. The correspondence between Joseph and the Emperor, published in these memoirs for the first time, will be read with great interest. The following short passage is essentially Bonaparte. After the battle of Austerlitz, a rumour was circulated that a peace was to be signed by the Emperor with Austria and Russia. Joseph so far credited the report, that he ordered the guns to be fired announcing the close of hostilities. The irritated Emperor wrote to his brother:—

It was very useless to announce with so much emphasis the sending of plenipotentiaries, and to fire the guns. It is a good way to hulk the national spirit, and to give strangers a false idea of our internal situation. It is not in crying peace that it is obtained. . . . Peace is a word void of sense; it is a glorious peace that we want. I know nothing more impolitic than what has been done in Paris on this occasion. I am not wont to regulate my conduct by the rumours of Paris, and I am sorry that you attach so much importance to them. My people under all circumstances are proud of me; and the question is yet too complicated for a *bourgeois* of Paris to understand it. I would have you to understand that I disapprove of the *clat* that you have given to the news of the arrival of two Austrian plenipotentiaries. I equally blame the articles which the *Journal de Paris* continues to publish, and which are as stupid as they are in bad taste. I shall make peace when I believe it is to the interest of my people to do so, and the clamours of certain meddlers will neither advance nor retard it one hour. My people will always be unanimous when they know that I am content, because they will feel that it is the sign that their interests are in safety. The time for deliberating in the sections is over. I shall give more than one battle, if I must, to arrive at such a peace as shall give me a guarantee. I leave nothing to chance; what I say I shall always do, or die. You will find that a peace, however advantageous it might be, would be judged disadvantageously by the same personages who now clamour so loudly for it, because they are fools and ignoramuses, who know nothing about the matter.

This rebuke was written nearly half a century ago. There are some to whom it might be addressed even now. In this correspondence, published entire in the *Mémoires*, the Emperor writes his own history from day to day. He reveals himself without hesitation; and we appear to read the character of this great man, as traced by his own hand, better than it has been traced by his best biographer.

Reginald Fitzurse was one of the four bullies (in history called knights) who attacked and slew Thomas of Canterbury. Let us suppose one of his descendants were now to write a book with a view to establish an *alibi* for him, or to prove that, so far from participating in the assassination of the prelate, he was one of his best friends—and we should have a parallel to what has just taken place in the case of a Count Van der Stratten Ponthoz, who has written to prove that his ancestor Bertoul van Straten had nothing to do with the murder of Charles of Denmark, or the Good, in 1127, some seven centuries ago. His book, which is hardly worthy of notice, except in so far as it regards a Middle-age tragedy, is entitled *Charles le Bon: Causes de sa Mort, ses vrais Mémorables* (“Charles the Good: Causes of his Death, his true Murderers”). Charles succeeded Baldwin King of Jerusalem as Count of Flanders. He was a wise and just ruler, and greatly beloved by his subjects. He was called the Defender of the Church and the Father of the Poor—having fought in Palestine, and having in the two years of famine, 1125 and 1126, found bread for the hungry, distributing in Ypres one day, with his own hand, 7800 loaves of bread. The manner of his death, according to all the old chroniclers, was this:—Bertoul van Straten, who had usurped the provostship of Bruges, to which was attached the dignity of Chancellor of Flanders, and his nephew Bouchard, mayor of Bruges, had been obliged to open their granaries, to sell corn at a just price, and, finding themselves checked in the midst of their depredations, formed the project of assassinating their sovereign. Bouchard and some of his confederates, carrying

naked swords under their cloaks, entered the church of St. Donatus of Bruges whilst Charles was there at his devotions. One of them struck off an arm, which he was extending to give a poor woman alms, and another with a blow made his head roll to the foot of the altar. The murderers then fled into the town, pursued by the public officers and friends of the Count, and at length reached the castle, where they prepared to defend themselves against the fury of the people. Louis le Gros was called upon by the seigneurs of Flanders to chastise the seditions. The provost and mayor were publicly executed. The first was tied to a gibbet, having a dog suspended above his head, which was constantly irritated until he had completely gnawed away the face of the culprit; the second had his eyes scooped out, and his arms cut off, and was then mounted on a wheel, where he was pierced by a thousand arrows, discharged into his body one after the other, to prolong his sufferings. The accomplices of Van Straten were precipitated from the top of a tower.

Another account states that the conspirators, closely pressed by their pursuers, took refuge in a church—the very church in which they had committed the crime—where they maintained themselves more than a month, defending the nave, the upper parts of the church, and at last the steeple, fighting with all the rage of despair, tearing the lead from the roof and the bells from their pivots, to cast down upon their assailants. It appears that the Flemish historians have confounded the Van Stratens and the Van der Straten. Historians may have confounded the Fitzurses and Fitzursens.

Another Middle-age history is treated by M. Jules Quicherat, under the title—*Histoire du Siège d'Orléans et des Honneurs rendus à la Pucelle*—(“History of the Siege of Orléans, and of the honours rendered to the Maid.”) Schiller's play is very beautiful; but still we prefer the plain and simple tale of the heroic maiden. Her full story has yet to be written. The Historical Society of France published some time ago a volume of curious particulars regarding her. M. Quicherat informs us that when the monument dedicated to Joan of Arc was destroyed in 1793, the Orléannais employed the bronze to cast four cannons, one of which received the name of *La Pucelle d'Orléans*. The French have an interesting past to fall back upon, which they sadly ignore.

Putting forth our hand at random, we lay hold of a book, *Les Accidents sur les Chemins-de-fer, les règles à suivre pour les éviter*, par Émile With.—(“Railway Accidents, rules to be followed to avoid them.”) We almost wish we had left it alone. Like our neighbours, we are fond of a railway trip in these piping times of heat, and willingly purchase the ticket which shall frank us, if but for a few hours, to ferry glade or running stream, to frolic in the one or paddle in the other; but this work tends to make us timid, seeing that the author reckons up no less than nineteen ways in which an accident may occur, productive of every variety of personal damage, from the scratch simple to the smash absolute. The accident may result from the rails, the sleepers, the switches, the pointsmen, the signal-men, the wheels, the axles, the buffers, the &c. &c. The author's advice to passengers is a very sensible one, amounting in plain terms to that given by Faithful senior, to the youthful Jacob: “Take it easy.” Don't be in a hurry! He says:—

Formerly travellers set out with patience and resignation; nowadays the sentiment which animates them is impatience; and if it is not satisfied beyond the limits of a rapidity of which, some years ago, they had no idea, they turn, in spite, against the agents of this new mode of transport. In most cases the public places under suspicion of negligence and incapacity the entire administration, from the directors down to the guard; it allows nothing, it excuses nothing, and often comprehends nothing; it forgets that railways exist only through the zeal and devotion of honourable and intelligent men of which they make no account. He who has not mounted a locomotive can have no conception of the intrepidity, the courage, and the address required to conduct a train; he knows only of a delay or an accident, and forgets the precautions taken at every instant of the journey, by the agents of companies, who have a major interest in fulfilling their duties with a zeal and devotion open to proof, for they know the reward that awaits them—the punishment which threatens them—the law which strikes them.

We are not versed in railway technicalities; but as M. With, who is a civil engineer, writes

like a man who understands his subject, we commend his book to the notice of railway directors.

“Hear the other side!” is a good rule. A few numbers back (No. 317) we noticed a work by M. Aroux—*Dante Héretique révolutionnaire*, &c.; to which has been published a rejoinder—*Dante révolutionnaire et socialiste, mais non hérétique: Révélation sur les Révélations de M. Aroux et Défense de M. Ozanam*, par Ferjus Boissard (“D. revolutionist and socialist, but not heretic. Revelation of the Revelations of M. A., and Defence of M. O.”) We notice this work chiefly because of the illustrious name which heads it. The controversy resolves itself into the question: Was Dante a heretic?—a question as impertinent as one which we find put in one of our contemporaries of last month: Was Shakspeare a Catholic? Dante is admitted to have been a revolutionist, and so was Newton, and so every man who propounds a new doctrine or establishes a truth. Let us discover, however, say some parties, that Dante was a heretic, and the “Purgatorio” goes for nothing; or that Shakspeare was not Catholic, and “Hamlet” was a poor conception.

Victor Cousin presents us with another study—*Mme de Sablé: Etudes sur les Femmes illustres de la Société du XVII^e Siècle* (“Madam de S.: Studies on the Illustrious Women of the Society of the Seventeenth Century.”) Madam de Sablé was the daughter of Marshal Souvre, governor of Louis XIII. and of Gaston of Orleans. She was born in 1598. When scarcely twelve years of age, she was maid of honour to Mary of Medici. She married the Marquis de Sablé, with whom she lived unhappily; and was a widow in 1640. Having no sympathy with her husband, she gave herself over to gallantry, and is said to have had a daughter by a Chevalier d'Armentières. The Marshal de Montmorency is mentioned in the list of her lovers. When old, she became a devotee. “But, *bon Dieu!*” cried Tallemant de Réaux, “what devotee will be accused of excess of rigorism? There was no court intrigue in which she was not mixed up.” She was lively, intelligent, and charmed with her conversation. An odd timid creature too, fearing wind, thunder, and, above all, death. This terrible word no one must pronounce before her. She had such a fear of dying, that, not to appear old, she concealed her age from an astrologer whom she called in to cast her horoscope. At a time when plague was apprehended, her physicians were obliged to change their garments when they visited her, and then she saw them only at the extremity of a long hall. Many curious anecdotes are told of the whimsical old lady in reference to this weakness. But die at last she did, in the seventy-ninth year of her age. Victor Cousin's new book is not all about the frail and charming Madame de Sablé. Of the five chapters of which it consists, two only are devoted to her. She is the motto or text to the book, which discourses of her times. According to the philosopher, she was “the model of the amiable and distinguished woman of the first half of the seventeenth century. She had not beauty, nor capacity, nor virtue, nor charm, nor genius; but she possessed in the highest degree that which was then called politeness, which, without excluding eminent qualities, does not suppose them, and was a happy mixture of reason, wit, good-nature, and kindness. This was the peculiar merit of Madame de Sablé.” She must have been a strange little woman; with luminous faults, which her age hid with slides, as a policeman hides his bull's-eye; and still there were so many redeeming points in her character that none but a spotless mortal would venture to cast a stone at her.

We have nothing interesting to lay before our readers in German literature. Law books we can refer them to without number; we can satisfy them with scientific books; we can drug them with medical books, and saturate them with classical; but we have no tale, poem, or history, to prevent or to ward off a five minutes' drowsiness.

GERMANY.

Sagenbuch der Bayerischen Lande aus dem Munde des Volks, der Chronik und der Dichter. Herausgegeben von A. SCHÖPPNER. Erster und Zweiter Band: München, 1852. Dritter Band: München, 1853. (“Legend-Book of the Bavarian Provinces, from the Mouths of the People, from Chronicles and Poets. Edited by A. Schöppner.”) *Harz Sagen gesammelt auf dem Oberharz und in der*

überigen Gegend von Harzburg und Goslar, &c. Von HEINRICH PRÖHLE. Leipzig, 1854. ("Harz Legends, collected on the Upper Harz and other Districts of Harzburg and Goslar, &c. By Henry Pröhle.")

Deutsches Märchenbuch. Herausgegeben von LUDWIG BECHSTEIN. Leipzig, 1850. ("German Book of Fairy Tales. Collected by Ludwig Bechstein.")

In the light philosophy which treats of the former principles and prejudices, the beliefs and opinions of mankind, by what remains of them under a different dispensation and opposing ideas, our German neighbours, and their northern colonies in Scandinavia, far surpass the exertions of our own or any other nation. The ancient observances at home are left to the casual notice of isolated examples—to the recording of individual facts that have accidentally in some chance periodical forced themselves upon our notice; they are dispersed at irregular intervals in voluminous works, and have to be extracted for use with great labour and research. Not so with our northern continental neighbours; with them the investigation of the popular antiquities and superstitions of their countrymen are objects of study and labours of love; the writers of their ideas, the chroniclers of their lore, go amongst the peasantry, with the settled purpose to collect and treasure up from its own mouth what had been transmitted through a long line of village forefathers; and what the revelation contains, and that only, is carefully noted down and conscientiously published. The growing intelligence of all ranks is fast levelling the ideas of a plain and ignorant peasantry to the common *niveau* of book-learning; they begin to know that the olden notions of the country have been jeered at and criticised by the learned; a certain degree, therefore, of bashfulness—a fear of ridicule—frequently prevents a full disclosure of all they know or have faith in, from the rude depositories with whom alone the knowledge rests. The fast-fading trace of these legends shows the necessity for garnering them up into some safe storehouse of the press, whilst the coyness and reluctance of the narrators mark its difficulty.

Fully alive to such a necessity of securing what is left, the Fathers of Fatherland, whilst they despised the difficulty, have in a great measure overcome it. Jacob Ludwig Grimm and his brother Wilhelm were the first who gained for their systematical investigations, in their *Kinder- und Hausmärchen* ("Children and House Legends") the general notice of their countrymen, from their acknowledged accuracy, though adorned with the graces of fiction and calculated to attract by beauty of narrative as well as truth; and, when they had thus shown their brother Teutons how rich their native land was in instruction and even amusement, the first of the brothers brought out his famed *Deutsche Mythologie* ("German Mythology"), in which system and research are more studied than amusement. This has been followed by a host of writers for almost every province and district in Germany; and the three works which head this article are selected as some of the most recent.

The first is a collection of 1368 separate legends, relations, and some historical facts, arranged by Professor Schöppner, of the University of München (Munich), through the entire extent of the present Bavarian dominions, as settled at the peace of Vienna in 1815. The preface tells us that the author was incited to the task, and aided in its prosecution, by his present Majesty Maximilian II., which enabled him to bestow greater time in the collection than his own unsupported means would have permitted.

We feel, however, that any notice of such continental works for English readers will have the greater value the more we produce accords with our own folk's-lore, as evidence of a common nationality and a widely-spread similarity of legend and belief, even in tales which we have been accustomed to fancy as purely indigenous.

There is, perhaps, no British legend so widely extended as that of the "Pixies"—also known under the name of "Brownies," "Robin Good-fellows," &c., from Devonshire to Caithness. They are found in almost every variety of action and imagery. One invariable feature, however, pervades them all—that the offer of clothing, to supply their woful deficiencies in upper garments or continuations, inevitably deprives the donor of their previous valuable services. For Devonshire, after such an affront, they leave singing—

Now the Pixies' work is done,
We take our clothes and off we run.

And at Hilton Castle, Durham, a single Elf laments dolefully—

I've taken your cloak, I've taken your hood,
The Cauld Lad of Hilton will do no more good.

And so in Scotland—

Gie Brownie coat, gie Brownie sark,
Y'es get nae mair o' Brownie's wark.

We will not give a similar Gaelic legend for the Highlands, nor at present attempt a rationale of the belief; but we will point out its traces in the book before us at Pirmasenz, a small town in the Palatinate, given (Vol. I. p. 354) in the following poetical version, with our literal translation, under the title

DAS GRAUE MÄNNCHEN.

Es war einmal ein Bäckermeister,
Zu Pirmasenz 's ist euch bekannt;
War rüchlich auch, zur Stund der Geister,
Ein graues Männchen ihm zur Hand,

Das heizt den Ofen, rührt sich tüchtig,
Es deckt die Diele, sieht das Mehl;
Und alles geht so flink und flüchtig,
Und Weck und Brod wird ohne Fehl.

Verschlafen oft und widerwärtig
Ist unser Meister aufgewacht;
Doch sieht die Arbeit stets er fertig,
Wie hat ihm's Herz im Leib gelacht.

Da denkt er schmunzelnd: ein Geselle
Der weiter Kost noch Lohn begehrt,
Der ist noch wahr! Ich auf der Stelle,
Noch mehr als dutzen andere wehrt.

Nur möchte ich ihn wol schaffen sehen,
Wie flink und wie geschickt er ist,
Würd' heute auf die Wache gehen,
So ich's mir klug zu machen wüsst!

Doch halt, ich hab' s'! Ich werde passen
Den leiblich Bursch zu Lust und Freud,
Ein rothes Röcklein machen lassen,
Und kann es sein noch lieber heut.

Und richtig kommt das Männchen wieder,
Will gleich an seine Arbeit gehn.
Da tritt er vor, mein klauer Hüter,
Und vor dem Männchen bleibt er steln.

Er hält das Röcklein ihm entgegen,
Im Munde noch des Dankes Wort,
Um seiner guten Dienste wezen—
Und husch! da war mein Männchen fort.

Es wartete zum gut'n Ende,
Das Mörchel in der Muld auf ihn,
Und mahet: Da kannst nun deine Hände,
Mein lieber Dicker, selbst bemühen.

Und wann der Ofen nüchtl'ich hitzte
Hat seinen Teig er selbst gemacht,
Und wenn er da stand, schaff' und schwitzte,
Ob er an's Männchen wol gedacht?

THE GREY MANNIKEN.

Heaven once, long since, at Pirmasenz,
To a fat baker there well known
Each night at twelve so kindly sends
A Greybeard who his dough work'd down,

Who heats the oven, stirs him nimbly,
Fills well the paddle, sifts the meal;
And all goes on so smooth and glibly—
The rolls and crumpets never fail.

Sometimes our baker's overslept,
And wakes in great alarm and fright;
But still he finds his place well kept,
And all in order, all aright.

He laughs, and, chuckling, reasons truly:
A lad that asks no pay or meat
Is worth more, when consider'd duly,
Than any twelve who serve and eat.

But still I'd like to see him work,
To mark him move so quick and gay;
To-day I'd set a watch and lurk,
Knew I but how to find the way.

But stop, I have 't! I'll stay and watch,
And have made, for the lad's delight,
A scarlet coat, his sight to catch—
It shall be done this very night.

And so, when Greybeard comes again,
And will his usual work begin,
By our sly baker he's waylaid,
Who meets him with a jocund grin.

He holds the coat up to his view,
Begins his thanks with pleased mien,
For service good, and feasts so new:
When lo! the sprite is vanish'd clean.

The dough may now long time await
The friendly eölin's drudging knuckle;
Our mealman fat must now n't bate
His strength, but to his labour buckle.

And when he nightly fills the o'en,
And kneads himself the clogging paste,
And when he blows and sweats, the lo'n,
Rues he not oft his generous haste?

We may also find many historical illustrations—as of the general belief of the German nation in the innocence of the Knights Templars of the dreadful charges brought against them in 1314; but the length of the preceding extract precludes our insertion of "Der suchender Geist zu Deiningen," or our literal version. We can, however, recommend the entire work to the German student or the inquirer into the wanderings of the human intellect; and both will be served by some excellent indexes.

The second book on our list confines its range to the Harz mountains, and deserves

greater praise for accuracy than the preceding. It entirely discards poetry, and the arrangement too is better, as all legends relating to one locality are placed consecutively. In it the most curious relation is that concerning the god Crodo or Sater, whence our English Saturday, and about which, since his first mention in the Chronicle of Botho of Braunschweig, more has been written than perhaps on any other subject of heathen northern mythology. This is fairly stated at p. 237; and the figures of Sater and his compeer days will be found in Richard Verstegan's "Restitution of Decayed Intelligence," whence they have been frequently copied amongst us.

The third volume is only one of Bechstein's many similar publications for different localities; but this is the *ninth stereotyped edition*. As librarian to the court of Saxe Meiningen his opportunities of observation and collection were ample; and he has well availed himself of these to give variations from the Brothers Grimm's earlier work collected by himself. In him we find again our own folk's-lore in the mythic Tom Thumb ("Der kleine Däumling"), whose poor parents, determining to abandon their seven boys in the wood, are overheard by Thumb, who fills his pockets, as in the English relation, with white chequers, and brings all seven safe back; a second attempt is made, and Thumb, prevented by the locking of the door from getting the stones, is obliged to content himself with bread, which is eaten by the birds, and the children are left to grope their way through the forest and come to the dwelling of a giant cannibal; they are put to bed in a garret with the seven daughters of the house, distinguished by seven crowns; but Thumb eludes the murdering propensities of the father towards himself and brethren by changing their nightcaps for these crowns, and ultimately possesses himself of the seven-leagued boots of the pursuing giant, and, stringing three brothers on each side of him by his and their grasping each other's hands, notwithstanding this impediment, he soon delivers his six brothers to his parents, with injunctions to take better care of them for the future, and leaves home in his seven-leagued boots to seek his fortune. It would be curious but difficult to trace the origin of this and similarly-corresponding tales on both sides of the German Ocean, and their relative claim to priority. We fancy that the first rude outline of most of our popular stories is coeval with the earliest settlements of our island, and may be traced even to the depths of Asia and the plains of Shinaar.

We have, however, a tale called the "Zornbraten," which, though it only refers us to another work, interests us deeply as countrymen and admirers of Shakspeare, and in an extraordinary degree. It is well known that, in searching for the sources of our great bard's plots for his dramas, that of Petruchio's Taming of the Shrew Catharine has hitherto escaped the most careful investigation. It is therefore highly gratifying that we are here referred to a work in which not a meagre hint, but almost the whole play is depicted in a poem of nearly one thousand lines (1984). This is contained in Baron von Lassberg's *Liedersaal; das ist, Sammlung altdeutscher Gedichte aus ungedruckten Quellen*, 4 vols. 8vo., Eppishausen, 1822-25, vol. ii. 499-531 (Lassberg's "Poetry Hall; that is, a Collection of Old German Poems from inedited sources"). The prefixed table of contents tells us: "The poet, although he had himself a vixen of a wife, and had therefore himself necessity for advice, will relate of a knight who tamed two desperate women." The tale varies from Shakspeare's, inasmuch as the mother is as great a virago as the daughter, and, after the latter is subdued, is used to reclaim the mother, and succeeds. But the gist of our English masterpiece lies in the remedy used against Catharine on the journey homeward after the marriage. This commences at line 355 of the poem, and is continued to line 570; and therefore in this extent of more than two hundred lines the greatest detail may be expected, and is found. Grumio's Tale, act iii. sc. 1, is an abstract of many portions of the poem, which is in old German; but the greatest singularity is, that it is found in a MS. parchment of the fourteenth century, in the library of the University of Königsberg; and the question naturally arises, How could Shakspeare get material for a work published, according to Malone's idea, 1594, from a German MS. unpublished till the nineteenth century was one-fifth old? This inquiry, and a detailed comparison of story and drama, must be referred to some future period. W. B., Ph.D.

SCIENCE, ART, MUSIC, THE DRAMA, &c.

SCIENCE AND INVENTIONS.

SCIENTIFIC SUMMARY.

COMPARATIVE ANATOMY.

THE FORMS OF ANIMALS SUBJECT TO ONE COMMON PLAN.—During the present season, there has not been delivered at the weekly Friday evening meetings of the Royal Institution a more valuable and comprehensive lecture than that by Mr. Thomas Huxley on the common plan of animal forms; since at no time have sound views on the organisation of animals been more important, than when the opposing theories, of the gradual development of animal life through countless ages—and of the immediate springing into life of myriads of animals in all their varieties, scattered broad-cast, and as it were in one day, throughout earth, sea, and air—count their adherents by troops, all animated and eager in the cause they may have happened to espouse; so that the cautious, patient sifter and weigher of evidence has but little chance when opposed by the zeal of these contending theorists, who, following a well-known policy, unite their forces to crush him; unless he be armed at all points for his descent to the arena, and is able to wield, with equal skill, the sword of anatomy, the trident of history, and the net of philology, and thus to baffle the attacks which he must be content to sustain from the active pupils of the opposing gymnasia. In holding to the middle course, espousing no strained theories of the formation of animals and of men, but in simply developing the facts arrived at by those worthy labourers in the cause of truth, whose patient assiduity will be gratefully remembered when the most brilliant speculations of the present are forgotten, or remembered only to be wondered at as follies of the past, Mr. Huxley's lecture claims that recognition of its value that its usefulness and lucidity deserve, and such a sketch as we are enabled to convey to our readers.

Commencing by referring to a short essay by Goethe, his final one, which gave a critical account of a discussion in the French Academy (1830) on the doctrine of the Unity of the Organisation of Animals—a controversy, in the judgment of this master-mind, of vaster importance than the Revolution of July of that year; an opinion fully shared by his equally illustrious fellow-countryman, A. von Humboldt—Mr. Huxley remarks that this declaration of Goethe might be almost regarded as a prophecy, since whilst the *Charte* and its framers have vanished as if they had not been, the "Doctrine of Unity of Organisation," excites the same keen interest in, and retains its profound importance for, all those who study the science of life.

The main object of this discourse was to develop the origin of this controversy, and to show what ground of truth was common to the maintainers and the opponents of this doctrine. We may best realise the extent of the subject before us by the reflection that no less than 200,000 different forms or varieties of animals are already known to exist, and that, so far as the position of each species or variety of animal is regarded in systematic zoology, each of these varieties is the equivalent, not of a family or race of men, but of the whole human race. Any attempt to gain, not an accurate, but even a vague knowledge of the forms of this vast multitude of animated creatures, would be hopeless, were it not possible, from observing certain points in which large numbers of them resembled each other, to divide them into groups, one member of which may be taken as the representative of the whole. A rough classification, based on obvious resemblances, has existed in the earliest periods, and the whole purpose of the cognate sciences of zoology and comparative anatomy chiefly consists in expressing with greater exactness these perceptions of resemblance, and defining wherein they consist. The Dutchman, Camper, long ago illustrated these resemblances in the organs of different animals by drawing a man's arm, and then, by merely altering the proportions of its constituent parts, converting it into a bird's wing, the fore-leg of a horse, &c.; and such organs which can thus be shown to slide, as it were, into one another, are regarded as the same organs, and in anatomical phrase are termed *homologous*. Starting from this ground, and working out the similarities of all the organs of the Vertebrate class of animals, Geoffroy St. Hilaire, Oken, and Owen—to the last of whom we are indebted for the most elaborate and logical development of this doctrine—have demonstrated the homology of all the parts of the vertebrate animals; or, in other words, that all animals which possess a back-bone are constructed on a common plan.

Guided by this principle, and working by the same methods, a similar result has been arrived at in a second great division of the animal kingdom, namely, the *Annulosa*, of which the leech is an example. In this section of animal life, the researches of Savigny, Audouin, Milne-Edwards, and Newport, have shown that one common plan of construction runs through this group.

In a third great division, that of the Mollusks, the same principle obtains; Mr. Huxley demonstrating the common plan upon which a section of this group, viz. the molluscous animals with heads, are constructed; and stating that this common plan may now be proved to extend to the remaining orders of these seemingly unsymmetrical creatures; whilst in the fourth and remaining division, the Radiated animals, the same principle of a common plan of construction may be traced.

Thus, then, we find that a common plan of construction exists in each of the four great divisions of the animal kingdom, and arrive at the essence of the controversy in the French Academy—Are these common plans essentially identical or not? Now, were we to confine ourselves to the sole method admitted by Cuvier, viz., the insensible gradation of forms, we are forced to the decision that the existence of any common plan, or *archetype*, pervading all animal forms is a purely hypothetical assumption, which may be true or false, and which it is our duty to reject as "not proven;" since it is certain that the common plans of the vertebrate, annulose, and molluscous groups are, respectively, sharply and distinctly marked off from each other by definite characters; and it is clear that these classes of animal life do not graduate into each other. The question then arises, Is there any other method of ascertaining a community of plan than this one of gradation?

Here Mr. Huxley ingeniously drew an illustration from philology—a science which employs the method of gradation in determining the affinities of words. Thus, *unus, uno, un, one, ein*, are fairly held to be but modifications of the same word, passing, as they do, gradually into one another. So *hemp, henne, hanf, and cannabis, canapa, chanvre*, are respectively but modifications of the same word; but would we strive to make out any affinity between *hemp* and *cannabis*, the method of gradations fails us. Nevertheless philology has demonstrated that these are, in reality, but modifications of the same words, by a reference to the previously-ascertained laws of change and substitution in the letters of the corresponding words of the Indo-Germanic languages, by tracing out these modifications from the same root by known laws of development.

Now Von Bär has most ably shown, in a series of essays on the subject, that, although the common plans of the adult forms of these great divisions of animal life are not identical, yet that they start in the course of their development from the same point; and the whole course of modern research tends to the confirmation of this position, advanced some quarter of a century ago. Admitting this in its fullest extent, we must be permitted to remark that, although the illustration of one science by analogies borrowed from another is both beautiful and useful, yet, to found any conclusions in natural science on analogical reasoning is a method fraught with danger to the soundness of such deductions. Advantageous as analogy undoubtedly is in framing hypothesis, it must be utterly rejected as an element in the foundation of the doctrines of the natural sciences. If then, with the advantages we derive from the progress of knowledge since this great controversy of the Unity of Organisation of Animal life arose, we may venture to judge where Cuvier and Geoffroy St. Hilaire were the disputants, it may be said that the inspiration of the latter was true, but his method of working it out was false. An insect is not a vertebrate animal, nor are its legs free ribs; neither is a cuttle-fish a vertebrate animal doubled up. Yet there was a period in the development of each, when insect, cuttlefish, and vertebrate animal were undistinguishable, and had one common plan.

ASTRONOMY.

THE DIAL OF AHAZ.—In one of the late numbers of the *Athenaeum*, there occurs a summary of a very interesting paper, which has been read before the Asiatic Society by Mr. J. W. Bosanquet, "On the going back of the Shadow upon the Dial of Ahaz, in the reign of Hezekiah, King of Judah." Omitting the chronological questions discussed in the first division of this memoir, the result of which is to fix the invasion of Judaea by Sennacherib at the close of the year 690 B.C., the next object of Mr. Bosanquet's inquiry was, whether any astronomical fact occurred about that time which could have caused the shadow to go "ten degrees backwards."

The author showed that, in the judgment of Hebraists, the precise meaning of the word translated "sun-dial" of Ahaz, is "degrees," or steps of Ahaz, as is also noticed in the margin of the authorised version of the Bible; and further, that in the earliest Targum, as well as in the work of an early Byzantine writer, statements occur to the effect, that Ahaz had built steps which would show the time of day. By argument, illustrated by diagrams, Mr. Bosanquet proceeded to prove that any very large partial eclipse, almost but not quite total, on the northern limb of the sun, occurring about ten, or a few more days from the winter solstice, and near the hour of noon, would

produce the effect described by Isaiah, and in the Book of Kings, upon such steps as appear to have been used for exhibiting the sun's meridional altitude.

Now, according to the calculation of Mr. Airey, such an eclipse as that required did occur at the very time deduced from the chronological hypothesis, viz., on the 11th of January, fourteen days subsequent to the winter solstice of 690 B.C.; but one difficulty occurs, in that the Astronomer Royal calculates the time of the central eclipse at Jerusalem to have been soon after eleven o'clock, which is too early for the phenomenon on the steps to have been produced. Mr. Adams, however, holds, that as the received secular variation of the moon is slightly erroneous, the eclipse in question might, perhaps, be advanced half-an-hour, but inclines to the belief that the error is not quite so large; he, however, hopes to arrive at more exact results, which he will communicate to the public through the author of this paper. Thus, although some uncertainty yet remains on the subject, Mr. Bosanquet fairly thinks he has shown it to be in the highest degree probable that this phenomenon of the going back of the shadow on the dial of Ahaz was dependent upon the solar eclipse which took place in the year 689 B.C.; and that this is the actual date of the thirteenth year of the reign of Hezekiah.

HERMES.

POPULAR MEDICINE.

THE NEWS AND GOSSIP OF THE MEDICAL WORLD.

I. NEW BOOKS.

The Principles and Practice of the Water Cure; and Household Medical Science in Conversations on Physiology, on Pathology, or the Nature of Disease, and on Digestion, Nutrition, Regimen, and Diet. By JAMES WILSON, M.D.—Seven hundred and twenty-five pages of octavo print of moderate type, on any subject, would be accepted as tolerably fair evidence of industry on the part of an author, especially if, as in the work before us, the matter is to a great extent original. The book is sent to us for review, but it would be scarcely fair to give an opinion of it without reading it through. This, we candidly confess we have not done; and if we had, our judgment of the work must very much depend upon our opinion of "the water cure," which has been formed from observation, and not from reading. Beyond all question, the use of water in the cure of disease is a perfectly rational and legitimate practice, and as old as Hippocrates; but why it should supersede all other modes of treatment has not yet been explained. Every writer on the modern water-cure has made it his especial business to abuse the principles and the professors of medicine; and we are sorry to find that Dr. Wilson adopts the same line. If what he says is true, he might have spared his wholesale condemnation of drugs. Men are not so fond of physic as to be in danger of swallowing nauseous potions, if they can more readily and more safely get rid of disease by the more pleasant mode here described. Nay, if a twentieth part of what is stated in this book is true, the College of Physicians may close her portals, and the warehouses of Apothecaries' Hall may reserve their contents for the next Fifth of November bonfire. The public will give up drugging, without waiting for the anathemas thundering from the Malvern-hills.

The third part of Dr. Mayne's *Expository Lexicon* is published, and so far the early promise is well fulfilled. We find no falling off, no signs of carelessness; the same fulness, classical correctness, scientific accuracy, and laborious research, are visible in every page. In short, we have heard but one opinion of the work. No library, even on the domestic scale, will be perfect without it.

On some Diseases of Women admitting of Surgical Treatment. By ISAAC BAKER BLOWS, Surgeon-Accoucheur to St. Mary's Hospital, &c. Illustrated by copperplate and wood engravings.—We regret that the peculiar subject of this work imposes upon us the necessity of confining our remarks to general criticism; for certainly no practical work on any department of surgery has been published during the last half-century which has higher claims upon the profession, or which promises more for the relief of human suffering, than the work before us. Mr. Brown's operations are so described as to appear easy; but every surgeon knows that they are full of difficulty; and the success which has attended them in his own hands must have arisen partly from a source which he modestly loses sight of, namely, his own adroitness, tact, and skill. Nearly half the book is taken up in the description of operations for the relief of accidents and infirmities, under the pressure of which many females have pined in despair till the end of their days, no adequate means having hitherto been found of providing a remedy for their miseries. This work will not only be eagerly sought by the profession, but by the more intelligent among the peculiar sufferers of the sex. Mr. Brown

deserves the thanks, not only of the profession, but of every humane person. His perseverance and skill do him infinite honour.

A Handbook to the Peak of Derbyshire, and to the use of the Buxton Mineral Waters; or, Buxton in 1854. By WILLIAM HENRY ROBERTSON, M.D., Senior Physician to the Buxton Bath Charity.—This elegant work, which contains a map of the Peak and neighbourhood, a plan of Buxton-park, elevations and plans of the baths, &c., together with a botanical appendix, by Miss Hawkins, containing the names of the plants which grow wild about Buxton—is of a stamp very superior to the "guides" generally met with at watering-places, although it is a guide, as well as an elaborate and scientific account of these curious baths. Dr. Robertson certainly, of all living men, is one of the most likely to give us correct information, as having long practised with a good reputation at Buxton; and, as a man of education, he exhibits a cultivated taste, and a knowledge of his whereabouts and its lions, which gives a strong general interest to the book, irrespective of its medical merits. Every visitor to Buxton, whether invalid or not, must buy this passport to its wild and rugged scenes, as well as to its more refined attractions.

Lectures on Insanity. By FORBES WINSLOW, M.D., D.C.L., late President of the Medical Society of London, &c.—There is no physician rising faster in public esteem in this department of practice than the laborious editor of the *Psychological Journal*, a periodical which has had a leading influence in promoting the improvement which the study of insanity has recently undergone in this country. The three lectures now published form a sort of outline of the whole subject; the first lecture treating "On the Psychological Vocation of the Physician;" the second, "On the Medical Treatment of Insanity;" and the third, "On Medico-legal Evidence in Cases of Insanity." In this volume, which is well and carefully written, there is much to interest, not only medical but other professional men. There is nothing meagre or commonplace, and the impression left on reading these 160 pages is that there has been rather an effort to suppress and condense than to expand the subject. A profusion of knowledge is ever seen in the background; and we trust that on some future day a complete treatise on the subject will issue from this master hand.

The Treatment and Cure of Diseases incidental to Sedentary Life.—By WILLIAM PEARCE, M.R.C.S., L.S.A., &c.—A very orthodox, mild, and moderate treatise, very full of truth (or rather truisms), but containing nothing original, nothing new, nothing that anybody but the author, and such as he, would have thought of printing. It would save some worthy folks a good deal of expense if they were to form a sort of company among themselves, and get a little book stereotyped, all but the title-page—each member to have the privilege of printing fifty copies at his own expense, and affixing his own title-page. He might choose out of a dozen or two—such as "Diseases of Sedentary Life;" "On Dyspepsia;" "On Nervous Disorders;" "On Tic Douloureux;" "On Atonic Gout, its Causes and Cure;" "On Diet and Regimen;" "On Hypochondriasis," &c. &c. Either of these titles would answer the purpose very well, and, if the fifty copies should happen to sell, another fifty might be granted on paying to the firm a small fine. This plan would be extremely agreeable to reviewers, who would, of course, have the stereotype at their finger's ends, and might even agree among themselves on a stereotyped critique. It might be all done by steam; and both the profession and the public would be just as wise—the latter, possibly, better instructed in the mysteries of medical science than they are at present. The profession must be greatly overstocked if men of competent acquirements and ordinary talents cannot get into practice without fishing for it with such homely bait as this.

On the Application and Effect of Electricity and Galvanism in the Treatment of Cancerous, Nervous, Rheumatic, and other affections. By RICHARD MOORE LAWRENCE, M.A., M.D., &c.—A very fair and full account of the effects of galvanic treatment in various diseases. If too little notice is taken of the very general failure of this agent in other hands, still there is much which is worthy of attention in this little book.

II. EPIDEMICS AND THE PUBLIC HEALTH.

The low temperature of the weather in the early part of the summer has in a great degree protected the country from the expected outbreak of the cholera. The disease can scarcely be said to have existed in London during the last six months until the recent hot weather in the month of July; and now that the extreme heat has passed away, we may hope that the disease will not assume a formidable character, the cases at present having been few in number, as compared with those in 1849.

Lord Palmerston has determined on a reconstruction of the Sewers Commission, somewhat on the principle of representation. The parish authorities are to have some voice, feeble though it be, in nominating the members of the new board. The history of this commission, of the Board of Health, and of the various smiles and frowns which each have received in turn from Government and from the "leading journal," would form a very curious volume. John Bull ap-

pears to be a weakly child, and this frequent change of nurses has, as yet, been attended with little benefit to his health. Still, every move awakens public attention to existing evils, and this must always be the first step towards their destruction.

III. MEDICAL CHIT CHAT, DISCOVERIES, &c.

The inquest on the child Richardson has been the chief subject of conversation in the medical circles for some time past, and probably will continue to be for some time to come. There have been so many conflicting interests mixed up with it, and such absence of decorum in the whole progress of the investigation, that, as a judicial trial, it has scarcely been looked upon with that reverence and respect which so serious an inquiry generally inspires. Nevertheless, the jury have acquitted themselves to admiration. Their well-known verdict, founded on the facts of the case, and simply giving the cause of death, without pronouncing the severe and certainly unmerited sentence of manslaughter, does them great credit. Much as the profession have been interested, the fatal event much more concerns the public than the profession. The surgical facts of the case present nothing new. A young operator makes a blunder, a fatal blunder, and becomes embarrassed; he then betrays a natural anxiety to cover up his fault; but when he is called upon, on his oath, to explain the affair, he makes a straightforward and manly acknowledgment, which all but atones for his error. Mr. Weedon Cooke has redeemed his character, and there is nothing in these proceedings which ought to mar his prospects, or prevent his rising in his profession. The same error has been committed before, and he will be more careful for the future. Many a surgeon, now of high repute, might have done as badly, had he been placed in a similar and equally unfortunate position in his early days. And this brings us to the question which concerns the public. It is quite clear that this child's life might have been saved if only one experienced surgeon had been at the operator's elbow. The error might have been easily rectified, and must have been immediately discovered by a surgeon familiar with the operation. Evidence of this was produced on the highest authority at the inquest. How was it, then, that no experienced surgeon was present? It was no sudden emergency; the operation might have been deferred without danger. The cause is too well known. The committee of the Royal Free Hospital are the offenders. They are responsible for this child's life. They know well that since their shameful treatment of Mr. Gay, who had himself raised the hospital into repute, no surgeon of mature age and respectable standing has entered its gates. Consequently the operations are committed to young and inexperienced men, who have no one to advise them, no one to correct their blunders and to screen them from public gaze. Every surgeon must have a beginning. Young men must operate; no man begins to operate in old age. But then the very necessary presence of their seniors not only gives them honest confidence, and nerves them with fortitude, but justifies their temerity. And it is not needful to admonish the public, that no young man should operate (except in cases of emergency) but in the presence of his betters.

ART AND ARTISTS.

CRYSTAL PALACE—BYZANTINE COURT.

BYZANTIUM, as we have said, was the grave of classical art; from whence sprang, in a new form and body, Gothic and Saracenic art. On the removal of the seat of empire from Rome to Byzantium by Constantine, numbers of the existing monuments of art were congregated in the new capital. The cities, which were the chief treasuries of the great works of former times, were stripped for its adornment. It formed the centre of Greek, Greco-Roman, and Oriental art-traditions; and here, in the service of Christianity, arose a new style, breathing a spirit essentially different from that of any that had preceded it. Of the first period of this style, ranging from the time of Constantine, about A.D. 330, to that of Justinian, about the middle of the sixth century, few monuments exist. The most important is the Church, now the Mosque, of St. Sophia, erected by Justinian. On the rise of Mohammedanism, the Arabs received from Greece the elements of art and the sciences; and thus arose in the East the Saracenic style, destined to attain in Spain its most gorgeous development, contemporaneously with the most blooming period of the Gothic. In Europe, from the sixth to the eleventh century, the Byzantine and Romanesque germs were carried to the most remote corners, and gave rise to that style characterised in general by the semicircular arch, of which the variety which exists in this country is well known by the name of Norman. In Greece itself, and other oriental parts, the Byzantine style continued subsequently to the eleventh century, until the final conquest of Greece by the Turks in the fifteenth. In Italy, France, Germany, and England it passed, about the 13th century, into the new and distinct style generally known by the name of Gothic, of which the pointed arch is the key-note.

Byzantine art belongs, then, to a period when the human intellect was, as it were smouldering, and

not in full and free development. It is barbaric in taste, harsh and crude in its forms, yet withal abounding in elements of greatness. It was the age of authority, when man strove to build himself upon the wisdom of the past, and dared not trust himself to originate anything new. It was an age of violent contest, of dangers and strifes. Witness the polemics of those doughty combatants, the doctors and fathers of the Church. A sea of heathenism from the north was perpetually threatening to overwhelm the remnants of southern art and civilisation. Hence architecture naturally took a sturdy, massive character, symbolical of resistance; the human form, when portrayed, was represented lean, mortified, woe-begone; a macerated countenance was more congenial to look upon, than jolly full-fed visages of the classic deities. Previous to the year 1000 the end of the world was confidently expected to take place at that date. It was therefore no age for the jovialities and luxuries of art. Very different were the conditions under which the four great preceding styles had grown up. Of these the Egyptian and the Greek belong to two of the most flourishing creative periods of the human mind; the others, namely, the Assyrian and the Roman, to periods of great physical power and grandeur, though less origination—where nothing existed to check or circumscribe the development such as it was. There is a largeness and majesty about the works of these two peoples, though they were deficient in the sense of beauty.

In the Byzantine period, on the other hand, civilisation was as it were continually struggling for existence. Hence the spiritual, earnest character which belongs to the style. It embodies the early history of Christianity, with its hopes, its fears, its struggles, and also some of its triumphs. In all the preceding styles man was exalted; the pride of strength or beauty everywhere showed itself. Here, on the contrary, man appears as the trembling sinner shrinking before his judge, and if any pride peeps through it is that of patient endurance. It is the close connection of this style with the ideas which lie at the base of modern religion, which gives it an importance for us, even if its actual forms and types may present little that deserves direct imitation. A peculiar feature of this style, which lent to it a wonderful degree of richness and splendour, was the use of mosaic work. The Byzantine Court glitters with ornamentation of this kind, and has a gorgeous, rather than a tasteful appearance. Decoration of this energetic character is greatly at variance with the quietist tendencies of our own day. The court presents a very miscellaneous collection of specimens, some of them extremely rude, and others approaching the free character of old classic art. The portraits of Justinian and his Empress Theodora, copied from large mosaics in the church of San Vitale, at Ravenna, executed during their lifetime, are highly interesting. The figure of Night, on the return side of the court, from a Greek Psalter of the tenth century, preserved in the National Library at Paris, is an impressive and poetical work, and retains something of the antique feeling and freedom of treatment. A Virgin and Child in the centre has more of the rigidity which characterises the works of early Christian art. During the Byzantine period the art of sculpture fell very low, and some of the specimens from our own country are of the rudest possible kind. The arched doorways of Kilpeck and Shobdon churches, which are here beheld in their pristine splendour of raw colour, are instances of this. The bronze doors from Augsburg and Hildesheim are examples of artistic instincts striving with imperfect means of execution. Those of Hildesheim, though the earlier, bearing date 1015, are finer in design and workmanship. As precursors of the art which was afterwards to be developed in the gates of Ghiberti, they are highly interesting. Bronze doors of a similar character and of the same age are of frequent occurrence in various parts of the Continent, particularly in Italy. In France and England none exist. The Irish or Celtic phase of Byzantine art has very marked features of its own, which may be studied in the specimens of Irish crosses and the Irish vestibule at the back of the court. The ornamentation of the school of art which flourished in Ireland in the eighth century, and had a great influence at one time upon neighbouring lands, is distinguished by the lizard or dragon type, into which its details resolve themselves. A curious matter this, if it be true that Ireland enjoys immunity from reptiles of every kind. How came these lacertine forms to take so strong a hold on the fancies of the Irish artists? Ordinarily it is found that the types of national art are derived from some common and familiar object. Was the Irish art of the seventh and eighth centuries but a development of a much older traditional art, derived from a people to whom serpentine and reptile forms were familiar? Among the most interesting reproductions of the Byzantine Court is that of part of a ceiling from the church at Assisi, with the fresco paintings of Cimabue. In these works we have the starting point of Italian pictorial art.

Among the buildings which belong to the period we have been discussing, notwithstanding their comparative rudeness, are to be found some of the most impressive which exist. It is, as we think, the feeling of latent and suppressed power which produces this effect. The reproductions in the Crystal Palace.

from their fragmentary character and diminished proportions, convey this but inadequately. But the nave of one of our Norman cathedrals, with its ponderous piers, illustrates what we mean. The Byzantine Court deals rather with details, and with those features which are now rarely to be seen in the originals in their perfect state. It will be found useful in helping to realise the character of the ages which we have been accustomed to term "Dark."

ART UNION.

THE usual exhibition of the Art Union of London is open, wherein the pictures chosen by the various fortunate prize-holders are on view. The palmy days of the society, when 300*l.* or even 500*l.* prizes, if we mistake not, were allotted, are long past. The highest is now 250*l.*; but the holder, by the addition to it of something more than a hundred guineas, has become the purchaser of Mr. Sidney Cooper's picture, entitled "Common Fare," exhibited in the Academy this year. It is a good and characteristic specimen of the artist's powers. A group of sheep are reposing at their ease, near which a donkey timidly claims his common right to browse. Mr. Uwin's "Cabin in a Vineyard," the 200*l.* prize, is a work for which we have no great admiration. The figures are not at ease—the children do not seem to repose naturally—the dog has the most expression of any member of the group. But the whole picture has a very made-up appearance, nor has it the merit of colour which the vineyard scene in the Vernon Gallery possesses. The "Fishing Village on the coast of Normandy," by J. Wilson, jun., is a judicious application of 150*l.* Two of Mr. Dearn's small Welsh views, mentioned by Mr. Ruskin in one of his art manifestoes in the *Times*, and in whose estimate of their merits we fully concur, have found purchasers. Welsh lake scenes and river scenes by the Williamsses, Boddington, and Gilbert, are as usual to be found. A. Gilbert's "Decline of Day," from the Royal Academy, is a pleasing work, but inferior, we think, to a similar picture by the same artist exhibited at the National Institution. "The Siesta," i.e. a view of a young lady asleep on a sofa, in an attitude which exposes more of her bosom than she would allow to be seen if awake—we object to. A little bold indecency might, indeed, have something piquant; but this half-and-half sort of treatment passes our understanding. A picture calculated to do no more than shock the modesty of a prude, we hold to be a very rapid affair.

"The Brunette and the Blonde" are a couple of young ladies in an equally detestable taste. What a mass of mere pictorial talent is yearly wasted upon subjects without point or meaning. Among the water-colour pieces we observe Mr. H. Warren's "Mein Vogelein," a pretty subject, carefully treated, and with every detail made to tell. There is also a large piece by W. Bennett, "Jedburgh Abbey, Roxburghshire," we doubt whether it is our opinion, so successful as some of his smaller and earlier works, but still a fine picture.

As a bait for subscribers for the next year, the society offers an engraving, by Mr. J. T. Williams, from the original picture by J. J. Chalon, R.A., entitled "A Water Party." We doubt whether it is more calculated to win the admiration of the subscribers than most of the Art-Union's former engravings. As for a series of wood engravings, illustrative of Childe Harold, judging from the specimens exhibited, they are of a very feeble character, and would illustrate anything else quite as well as Childe Harold. The managers of the Art-Union do not appear to grow wiser with years.

TALK OF THE STUDIOS.

MR. BELL, the sculptor, who has lately received the commission to execute the large Guildhall memorial to the late Duke of Wellington, has just been commissioned by Colonel Adair to execute a marble heroic statue of "Armed Science," to be presented to Woolwich mess-room.—A colossal statue of the last Duke of Gordon is about to be erected on the top of the monument at Lady Hills, in Morayshire.—A statue of her Majesty by Mr. Noble, is about to be erected in the Peel Park, Manchester.—Judge Boyle is about to have two statues raised to his memory, one at Irvine, his birthplace, and the other in the Parliament House, Edinburgh.—Mr. Alexander Macdonald, of Aberdeen, has presented to the managers of the Royal Infirmary of Edinburgh a polished granite pedestal and pillar for the marble bust, by Campbell, of the late Mr. Liston, surgeon, which was sent to the infirmary from London.—Mr. Burnand's statue of Ebenezer Elliott is completed, and about to be erected at Sheffield.—The Bill for the Dublin National Gallery, with certain amendments, has been adopted by the Lords.—The inauguration of a school of practical art for Wolverhampton and the populous district of South Staffordshire was commemorated last week with more than ordinary spirit at Wolverhampton, where a handsome Grecian structure has been erected for the purposes of the institution at a cost of 3000*l.*, raised by voluntary subscription.—Last week a statue of Nelson was placed in the market-place of Norwich. Its present position is only a temporary one.—Orders have been given by H.M. the Emperor of the French to

complete the works at the Tuileries and Louvre before the time of the opening of the Exhibition next year.—We are happy to learn (says the *Edinburgh Guardian*) that the subscription for the monument to Professor Wilson progresses most favourably. The subscriptions already exceed 900*l.* The sum required is about 1400*l.*—The safe custody of Turner's pictures has been again before the Court of Chancery. The case was argued on Wednesday week before Vice-Chancellor Kindersley; and, proof being given that the present place of custody in Queen Anne-street was most unfit, the Solicitor-General was asked to devise some place for the preservation of the pictures pending other decisions. On Thursday Sir R. Bethel reported his plan, which was that the pictures, drawings, and engravings should, with the consent of the trustees of the National Gallery, be removed from Queen Anne-street to the National Gallery, to be there deposited for safe custody, subject to the control and direction of the court, with the proviso that they shall not be shown or inspected, or in any manner dealt with, without the order of the executors.

M. Van der Hoop, a great Dutch capitalist, recently deceased, left by his will his valuable picture-gallery to the municipality of Amsterdam, on condition that it would pay the duty, exceeding 5000*l.*, on the legacy. A public subscription was opened, and that sum has been raised.—A letter from Munich of the 4th says: "In the royal establishment of painting on glass in this city, the largest picture on glass executed in modern times has just been terminated. It is to cover a window in the church of St. Catherine, at Hamburg, 45 feet high and 14½ wide. It has been painted by M. Fernster, from designs by Overbeck, representing our Saviour teaching the Apostles to pray. The superb work has been executed at the cost of M. Vorbeck, of Hamburg.—In a work called "Transatlantic Rambles" is the following instance of pursuit of the fine arts under difficulties:—The prisoners are allowed to be seen by no one, but some of the cells are exhibited. One of these I particularly noticed, the walls of which were really beautifully painted by a man who had been in prison for five years before he came here. He stayed and decorated his cell here for another five years; and, when discharged, he commenced stealing again, and in less than two months was condemned to two years in another prison. He decorated the walls of that cell in a most elaborate manner; and is now in Baltimore gaol for another theft, and has begun his old pursuit, which, as he has some ten years to stay, will result in some grand masterpiece in the fresco style. This odd talented creature is a German, and extracts his colours from the yarns given out to him for weaving.

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC CHIT-CHAT.

MR. IRA ALDRIDGE, the African tragedian, after having made his appearance in the greater part of the German theatres, and also on those of Basil, Bern, and Zurich, in Switzerland, intends to return to England. In Berlin, in the Royal Theatre, he received from the King the *riband* belonging to the order of Art and Science; and in Bern, the republican metropolis, he was honoured before his departure by a garland of *Alp-roses*. He goes from Zurich to Vienna (where he is engaged), and from Vienna to Paris.—Alluding to the death of Madame Sontag, the *Spectator* remarks:—"It may not be unacceptable to our musical readers at this time to be briefly reminded of the leading circumstances of her career. Born in Prussia of a theatrical family, Henrietta Sontag trod the stage when yet a child; playing little parts in the theatres of Darmstadt, Berlin, and Prague. Her precocious talents obtained her admission into the admirable music-school of that city, where she laid the foundation of the sound knowledge of her art for which she was so highly distinguished. Before she was eighteen she was the prima donna of the Berlin stage, and the idol of the society of that capital; and when she soon afterwards went to Paris, her desertion excited a degree of resentment which did not speedily subside. A successful appearance at Paris leads of course to an engagement in London; and her first season at the Théâtre Italien was followed in the same year, 1828, by her *début* at our Opera-house. The sensation she made is still well remembered. There was some disappointment with regard to her powers as an actress; but her youth and beauty, her fresh and lovely voice, and the high finish and exquisite purity of her style, produced universal delight. She left England at the end of the season, not to return for many years. Her retirement from the stage, in consequence of her marriage with Count Rossi, a Piedmontese nobleman, known both as a soldier and a diplomatist, immediately followed. The young Countess was well qualified to adorn the rank to which she was now raised. Her virtues, her manners, and her accomplishments, made her everywhere acceptable in the highest circles. But she never lost her love for her art, which she continued to cultivate with ardour; and she actually continued to make progress as an artist in the midst of all the splendour and seductive enjoyments of high life. And this rare love of art for its own sake was

well rewarded when the day of adversity came. After a happy union of nearly twenty years, during which the Countess Rossi became the mother of four children, who survive her, her husband became involved in the political troubles of 1848, and lost his whole fortune. Without hesitation she resolved to have recourse to her art for the sake of her husband and her children. Mr. Lumley offered her an engagement of 7000*l.* at her Majesty's Theatre for the season of 1849; and she reappeared, after one-and-twenty years, on the scene of her early triumphs. We need not dwell upon the occurrences so recent. Her aspect and her performance excited an equal degree of pleasing wonder. Both betokened maturity, not decay. Her marvellously beauty exceeded her girlish attractions; her voice, if it had lost a little of its youthful flexibility, retained all its loveliness; and her powers as an artist were evidently developed and enlarged by the general expansion of her mind. Tempted by the success of Jenny Lind and other musical artists, Madame Sontag resolved to visit the United States, and arrived at New York in the autumn of 1852. After a brilliant and successful tour through every part of the Union, she was unhappily induced to accept a tempting offer from the manager of the principal theatre of Mexico. It appears that she arrived there about the beginning of last month, and was cut off by the fatal epidemic while she was preparing for her first appearance before the public. To increase the sadness of this event, it is mentioned by an American journal that three of her children, whom she had left in England, were at the moment on their way to join her, and would arrive only to learn their irreparable bereavement."

GOSSIP OF THE LITERARY CIRCLES.

"NOTES from the Letters of Thomas Moore to his Music Publisher, James Power," is the title of a volume issued in America by Redfield, which has been suppressed in England, on copyright considerations, and for its rather minute exhibition of the writer. Moore is exhibited in these letters in his everyday necessities, living from hand to mouth. The letters afford a curious study of the man, and of the musical tastes of the times, and should be preserved as an appendix to the volumes publishing by Lord John Russell. The edition is a small one, only seven hundred and fifty copies, sent over from England. An introductory letter from the editor, Thomas Crofton Croker, to the American publisher, explains the circumstances of its publication.—The Gray MSS. have been sold: the "Elegy," with its various readings, for 131*l.* to Mr. Wrighton of Birmingham. It is inscribed by Gray, "Stanzas written in a Country Churchyard."—In Norton's *American Literary Gazette* of July 15th, is given the first of a series of papers on "British Libraries." The writer begins with the Chetham Library, in Manchester.—M. Thiers is said to be occupying his leisure in writing his book on Italy and the Fine Arts in the Sixteenth Century.—M. Villenain is completing the second volume of his "Souvenirs Contemporains," the first of which created great sensation on the Continent.—"Queechy," and the "Wide, Wide World" (*Le Vaste Monde*), in French translations, are widely read among our Gallic neighbours.—A statement in circulation as to the copyright of the *Morning Chronicle* having been bought by Mr. Peto and Sir J. Easthorpe is unfounded.—Mr. Theodore Martin has published a translation of "Correggio," the tragedy of the good old Oehlenschläger. The translation is enriched with valuable notes.—The *Dumfries Standard* learns, from the best authority, that Mr. Carlyle has not, as was reported, abandoned the historical work—"The Life of Frederick the Great"—on which he has been for some time busy, but that he is still engaged upon it, with the intention of completing it and giving it to the world.—There is some talk in Paris of starting a new Review, purely philosophical and literary, to be edited by George Sand and M. Jules Simon, a former member of the Constituent Assembly.

Mr. Tom Taylor, of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law, has been appointed secretary of the New Board of Health, 1000*l.* per annum.—Sir Roderick Murchison announces that about 2000*l.* has been received for the Bellot testimonial. Of this 500*l.* is to be devoted to the erection of a granite obelisk on the wharf of Greenwich Hospital, the authorities having granted a site; and the remainder will be divided among the five sisters of the gallant Frenchman.—The genial authoress of "Our Village," whose recently-published "Atherton and other Tales" has met with a most cordial reception, both from the critics and the public, is, says the *Glasgow Commonwealth*, fondly attached to various districts of Scotland in which she has sojourned. In her new volume, one of the most agreeable features is the pleasing and pathetic little Highland story of "Marion Campbell." A Reading paper prints the following note from Miss Mitford:—"I take for granted, that you know my affections; but God is very merciful—He has left unwithered my intellect and my affections, and, at this very moment, I am sitting at the open window, inhaling the sweet summer air; a jar of beautiful roses on the window-sill within-side; a perfect sheaf of fresh-gathered meadow-sweet, sending in its almondy fragrance from without; and, although too much sunken in the chair to look down on my little flower-beds, the blue sky, the

green trees, and the distant harvest-fields for a prospect. There is consolation here: the best consolation, next to the goodness of God, is the beauty of nature."

—The *John O'Grout Journal* gives a prominent place to the announcement that Hugh Miller, editor of the *Witness*, and author of "My Schools and Schoolmasters," &c., will be proposed at the next election as a candidate for the representation of the Wick burghs. —A bedridden old man, says the *Commonwealth*, named William Ronald, once a ploughboy to Robert Burns, died on the 29th ult. at Maulside, near Beith, in Ayrshire. He knew much of the poet's character; but, being a very modest man, escaped the notice of almost all the inquirers after Burns.

We glean several facts concerning books, authors, and publishers, from the two first numbers of the *Intelligencer*, a monthly journal of much interest and information, conducted and written by booksellers and publishers. When the "National Illustrated Library" was started, all were pleased and surprised at the appearance and price of the volumes, and it is certain that they would have paid; but a fatal error was made, almost at once, in commencing the publishing of other libraries at the same office, and in the purchasing at high prices old plates for republication: so many series came from the publishers of that one, that their advertisements were confusion worse confounded, and everybody was lost in the maze. The proprietor has now given up the business, not without a very serious loss. His late manager (Mr. Ward), who was once with H. G. Bohn, is going, it is said, to commence publisher in Fleet-street, in partnership, at a shop once occupied by a noted foreign bookseller now removed. A large portion of the stock held by the proprietor of the "National Illustrated Library" has been bought, we hear, by Orr and Co.—Mr. Hunt's "Fourth Estate, or History of Newspapers," published at 21s., can be had now for 3s.—Mr. Pickering, before his death, had printed a pocket French and English Dictionary, which was not published until the whole stock of it (1500 copies) was sold off at Lewis's. Quaritch, Leicester-square, bought it.—Knight's books, which swarmed so a short time ago all over the trade, are now fast disappearing. They are all getting housed, and only those who bought very largely seem to have any stock left.—A few remainders were sold by auction in the middle of the month; among them 740 copies in quires of "Kitchie's British World in the East," 2 vols. 8vo., published in 1847 at 24s. In the same sale were 675 copies of "Hough's Political and Military Events in India," 2 vols. 1853, in lots of 10 to 25.—The first folio of Shakspeare, 1623, has just been sold by auction for 250l.—Nearly all the dealers in old books now print their catalogues periodically, give them a name, and have them stamped. This enables them to send them anywhere for a penny; and, by giving greater facilities of communication between buyers and sellers, will very likely increase the trade in books. "Smith's Old Book Circular," "Miller's London Librarian," "Willis's Price Current," "Brown's Register of Literature," are some of the titles of these catalogues. It is an excellent plan. It is a pity the titles are not more expressive.—The export trade in books and stationary is less brisk than it was a few months ago. The war, the price of paper, and the unfavourable reports received from abroad, are the chief causes of the decrease. In Australia paper is selling retail at a lower price than it can be purchased here wholesale, and consignees are holding for more favourable markets. The reckless way in which shipments were made to this colony, perfectly irrespective of the kind or quantity of the goods wanted, have done much to bring about this glut of the market.—If the money embarked in producing books for the nation, and locked up in the quire stock of works which the public will not appreciate, were accurately estimated, it would be found to pay worse than the dull canal shares, and to depreciate more rapidly than Mexican bonds.—Messrs. Appleton and Co., of New York, have expended 20,000l. in improving their premises.

In consequence of the withdrawal of the Government grant of 2000l. towards the purchase of the scientific instruments and apparatus of Mr. Lawson, it is likely that the scheme of establishing the observatory at Nottingham will be abandoned.—A thief has carried off a number of eggs from a case in the Natural History Society's museum at Belfast: he selected the most valuable specimens, which leads to the inference that he was not a common pilferer.—The West End publishers will close in future at three o'clock on Saturdays; and the East End, including the Row houses, will close at five o'clock, except such Saturdays as magazine work falls upon.—Mr. Hind announces the discovery of another planet, on the 22nd of July, at Mr. Bishop's observatory. It appears like a star of 10·9 magnitude.—A very valuable museum and library, illustrating the most important and recent discoveries in obstetric practice, have been presented to the Manchester Lying-in Hospital, by Dr. Radford, the eminent physician of that city; and the late Salis Schwabe, Esq., of Manchester, has left a legacy of 500l. to the same institution.—A companion for the hippopotamus in the Regent's Park Gardens has lately arrived from Egypt. It is a female—a mere infant, but weighing above a ton. The Ripon brought it to Southampton; it was landed in its bath, placed on a railway-truck, and brought to

London. It is accompanied by an Arab keeper. It has but four teeth. At feeding-time its mouth is opened by the keeper's hand, which is thrust in, covered with milk and corn-meal, and licked or lapped by the animal's monstrous lips and tongue. The male hippopotamus in the Zoological Gardens has a large number of teeth, and can now eat corn.—The select committee appointed, on the motion of Mr. John Greene, to consider the cheapest, most expeditious, and most efficient mode of providing for the printing required for the Houses of Parliament and the public service have had two meetings, and recommend that a committee be appointed next session.

Amherst College (U.S.) has just received from one of her sons, James Humphrey, Esq., of New York, a valuable addition to her collection of portraits—a fine painting of Galileo, the famous Italian astronomer.—"If," says Norton's (American) *Literary Gazette*, "an international copyright is to be established between America and England, we consider that the present time is peculiarly favourable for its adoption. Never before has our country been regarded with so much favour by the nations of Europe; never has so much interest been manifested abroad in our men, our institutions, our education, and our literature."

DRAMA, PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS, &c.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—Madame Grisi's Farewell, and *Il Conte Ory*.

ST. JAMES'S.—Madame Cabel.

SURREY.—*Le Prophète*.

WHITTINGTON CLUB.

Grisi's ovation on the 7th must be regarded as the most interesting event of the season, to which it forms such a melancholy yet appropriate close. The first act of *Norma* and the *Huguenots*, omitting the last act, were the pieces selected for the finale; and, notwithstanding the sad mistake committed in raising the prices so inordinately, there was a fair though by no means overcrowded house. Never was Grisi more superb in beauty or diviner in song. It was evident that she intended her star to set unpaired, and had nerved herself for the occasion. Upon first entering in *Norma* she was received with a deafening welcome from the whole audience, and throughout the splendid rôle all her grand points were applauded to the echo. The *Huguenots* was heard with the same enthusiasm, and it was not until an hour after midnight that the curtain fell upon the splendid termination of the fourth act. Then ensued a scene which is almost without parallel in the annals of theatrical levitations. With one prolonged shout the house rose en masse—boxes, pit, gallery, and orchestra; and, amidst the tumultuous waving of hats and handkerchiefs, and a perfect hurricane of bouquets, darted from all parts of the house, Grisi was led on by Mario to bid her mute but expressive adieu. Three times was she recalled by the continued demonstration of feeling; but the last time she came alone, which was the signal for yet more tumult. The house rang again with the acclamations, which, by imperceptible gradation, positively reached the climax of genuine old English hurrahing. When it subsided, as subsided it did at last, from pure physical exhaustion, the queen of *prime donne* had vanished, and the house only saw Grisi the woman, hastening, with falling tears and faltering steps, to the grateful shade of the *coulisses*. And thus in the early summer morning, over the flower-covered stage, came the farewell of GIULIETTI GRISI, whose exuberant genius, season after season, for twenty years, has shed its fairy glow upon the toilsome "workaday" world of our busy Babylon. She has made her name a "household word" among us, and years hence the hours spent under her gentle thrall will be remembered as pleasant oases in our recollection. It is at all times painful to part with a popular favourite, and particularly so in this case, when there has been for so long a time an affectionate bond between artist and audience. What Italian opera will do without Grisi and Mario we know not. The effect of Mlle. Wagner remains to be discovered, and no other *prima donna* of the first magnitude seems to be extant. Mediocrity we have in abundance; but the splendid union of dramatic talent and lyrical genius found in Grisi is, and we fear will be, wanting. By this time she is steaming across the Atlantic; and, after completing her American engagement, it is said that she intends retiring to the Italian property which is the well-merited reward of her genius and industry. May her days be long and happy.

Il Conte Ory was produced the night after Grisi's benefit, after having been promised in the programmes for three successive seasons. It is a genuine opera buffa, buoyant with the life and animal spirits of the Rossini school, and was written expressly for the Grand Opera at Paris. The plot is dark and unintelligible. *Count Ory*, a kind of tame Don Giovanni, is enamoured of a secluded Countess, who shuts herself up in a moated grange, while her brother is gone to the crusades. The Count gains admission to the castle in the guise of a monk; but, that not succeeding, he tries the costume of a nun, and attended by his companions, who also assume the conventual garb, he gains admission to the lady's presence, and is making desperate love, when her brother and his knights return from the wars, and down falls the curtain

without any *dénouement*. What could be the motive of introducing this opera when half the subscribers are out of town, Mr. Gye knows best. Bosio, as the Countess, and Luchesi as the Count, were brilliant; but as a whole the opera was not successful.

The hot sultry weather has closed most of the theatres for the usual vacation, and the pleasure-seeking world that is not at the sea-side or on the moors is drawn to Vauxhall and Cremorne.

The DRURY LANE Opera evaporated suddenly on a hot afternoon, but has just been resuscitated for a short season under a new management.

The *Opéra Comique* has closed at the St. JAMES'S, and we regret to hear that, commercially speaking, it has not been successful. A foreign audience is essentially a critical one, and it would have been much better if the management had properly supported Mme. Cabel. This charming *chanteuse*, with all her native *epiegleterie*, will be one of our pleasantest reminiscences of the season.

While the season is drawing to a close in more aristocratic quarters, Miss Romer has just ventured another spirited experiment upon the musical taste of the semi-Bosnian folk of the SURREY side, by the production of *Le Prophète*. Miss Romer as *Fides*, Miss Isaacs as *Bertha*, are all that can be desired; but sad liberties are taken with the score, and it is lucky for all parties that Meyerbeer does not often visit the Borough. As a show the piece is superb. The cathedral scene would do honour to any house.

WHITTINGTON CLUB.—The usual half-yearly meeting of the members of this institution was held in the large room of the club-house on Monday evening last, J. J. Mechi, Esq., president, in the chair. The report, which was of an extremely favourable character, was well received and unanimously adopted. The accounts for the half-year show a balance of receipts over expenditure. The position of the institution has been greatly improved, the number of subscribers increased, and its future prospects are most encouraging.

VINCENTE.

CORRESPONDENCE.

HAMLET'S SUIT OF SABLES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC, LONDON LITERARY JOURNAL.

SIR,—“It's ill cobbelling sound shoon”—it's ill mending a sound text. Everybody will approve such a proverb in the general; will you permit me, sir, to say I think it pertinent to all the emendations of this particular passage, and then just a few words to back my opinion?

1. Of the two parts of the clause the first, “Let the devil wear black,” being undisputed, we can lay it aside for a moment, and try what meaning and connection we can make for the other, “I'll have a suit of sable.”

Hamlet, sitting at Ophelia's feet, has made a very bad joke, and she tells him, “You are merry, my lord.” He does not deny it—let us mark that—he assents, goes on to reason of it, to justify it. “What should a man do but be merry? for look you how cheerfully my mother looks, and my father died within these two hours”—as much as to say, If she sets the fashion thus, it is only becoming in me to follow it. Nay, answers Ophelia, you are wrong; 'tis twice two months. Hamlet's premiss is thus a false one. He does what we should expect of him—changes his conclusion. “I'll no more be your jig-maker; I'll wear sable. If so long has passed, I am free to follow my own humour. And, having seemed merry for a bad reason, it shall be a good reason for seeming sorrowful.” Surely this is a most plain and natural antithesis. But what antithesis, or even sense, is there in Warburton's reading: “I was merry for two hours, and for twice two months I won't be sad;” or in Mr. Wightwick's: “For two hours I was merry, and for twice two months I'll wear flame-coloured smallclothes”? 2. And now we can see the meaning of the devil's wearing black. He is so; it is his natural colour. For two hours the devil might wear purple or gold, but four months of it is too long a farce. Let him strip off the white skin of the angel, and show his native hide. This phrase sums up Hamlet's whole purpose in the play he has prepared. “So long: let evil then have its own livery.”

3. “For.” There is this word to account for. It seems to lead in another reason for wearing the sables than the four months' decease, and yet to make the reason itself depend upon the intention. All the puzzle is in this word; and I believe Shakspeare intended it to be so—to express a confusion and jar in Hamlet's own mind. There's an absurdity in the interdependence of Hamlet's sables and the devil's black that suits the temper of the scene, in which his every generalisation is put into a jest; there is a kind of self-reproachful identification of himself with the devil and the devil's folk, not rare in Hamlet—a sort of hope for natural truth and freedom again, and yet a prescience that it was only to come under the black pall of his whole house.

If I find a good deal in the word “for”—and I think I could find more—let those who cavil remember that Shakspeare's shoes are often seven-league boots to other men. And therefore the greater responsibility in cobbelling.—I am, Sir, yours, &c. D. G. H.

OBITUARY.

CROKER, Mr. Thomas Crofton, on the 8th inst., aged 57, in the neighbourhood of London. He was the author of a volume of "Researches in the South of Ireland" (1824, London, etc.), and a collection of Irish fairy tales, reprinted in Murray's Family Library. For the Camden Society he edited a volume entitled "Excidium Macariae: Narratives illustrative of Contests in Ireland, in 1641 and 1693" (1841, 4to.), and for the Percy Society two volumes of the Songs of Ireland and a collection of Irish Keens, with several others.

ESKINHOFF, Dr., of Cologne, author of a highly esteemed history of German law, and of other works of a like character.

THE KING OF SAXONY, at Innsbruck, killed by the overturning of his carriage and a kick from a horse.

LYNNE, Mr. Henry, in America, on 8th July. He served under Mr. Macready during his management of Drury-lane Theatre, and subsequently started at the Princess's with Miss Cushman and Mr. Wallack. Latterly, he has been successful in America.

NOVATIS, M. de, author of an esteemed "History of Napoleon," in French, and of other works.

WINTERBOTTOM, Mr. J. E. He had been travelling for some months in the East, and had visited Upper Egypt, Palestine and Syria, and was making his way from Beyrout to Constantinople, when he was seized, at Rhodes, with cholera. Mr. Winterbottom, was well known as possessed of a varied and extended acquaintance with the sciences of zoology and botany. In 1845, 1847, and 1848 he travelled in India, and made a number of valuable observations on the natural history of the districts through which he travelled, and brought home an extensive collection of plants.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Adventures of Mr. Sydney Greenfinch in London, 12mo. 1s.
Allen's (J.) Autocracy in Poland, and Russia, post 8vo. 5s. cl.
Amy and Rosalie, fcp. 8vo. 2s. 6d. cl.
Arctic Cruise, by P. B. St. John, fcp. 8vo. 2s. 6d. bds.
Barker's (W. B.) Reading-book of Turkish Language, 8vo. 14s. cl.
Barry's (M. S.) Waterloo Commemoration for 1845, 8vo. 2s. 6d. bds.
Bathgate's Characteristics of Superior Popular Literature, 2s. 6d.
Bell's English Poets: Songs for the Dramatists, fcp. 8vo. 2s. 6d.
Books for the Country: Pigeons and Rabbits, by Delamer, 1s.
Brough's (W.) Our Own Correspondent at the seat of War, 12mo. 1s.
Brown's (Rev. R.) Themes for Meditation, fcp. 8vo. 2s. bds.
Butler's Letters on Romanism, edit. by Woodward, 10s. 6d.
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passing allusion to it in the report he has kindly furnished us. We refer to the statement that the "Life Drama" has made way unheralded and unpuffed. The simple facts of the case are these; the manuscript of the poem, or a portion of it, was transmitted by the author to the well-known Rev. George Gilfillan, with the view of obtaining his opinion of its poetic merits. The manuscript lay unheeded in the critic's study for some two months; the request of its author being so common a one on the part of rhymesters, that the valuable time of the "Portrait Sketcher" would probably be swallowed up in fulfilling them all. A casual glance at the "Life Drama," however, led to the perusal of the whole manuscript; and in the succeeding number of the *Critic*, a London literary periodical, an enthusiastic paragraph announced to the world that a new poet had been discovered. In the interval, the young poet had inserted several fugitive pieces in the *Glasgow Citizen*, a weekly journal that has done good service to the poetic literature of the west of Scotland. It is just probable that his favours were extended to other journals. The *Critic*, with such a recommendation from the generous reviewer, made an overture to the young author, and in consequence the greater part of the "Life Drama" appeared in the columns of that journal, and were criticised by nearly every other. Alexander Smith's fame was tolerably well established in literary circles before the appearance of his volume; and it profited by the criticisms so liberally showered upon its contents. Perhaps our lady readers may be gratified by the information we are happily enabled to give them, that the young poet is rather slenderly built, with fair though not curly hair, like the hero of his drama; large blue eyes—one of them unfortunately cast, but the defect is lost sight of in the dreamy haze that in quiet moments seems to curtain his spirit; but when excited by mirth his eyes gleam like two of his much-loved stars. His temperament, it may be guessed, is nervous and susceptible: we may add, though conscious we tread on sacred ground, that the lines which grace our poetic corner to-day forms a key to much of the heart-poetry of the "Life Drama."—*Melbourne Banner*.

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